

TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 19, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



ART ZELNICK

MOBILIZER CHARLES E. WILSON

Americans don't know their own strength.



NOTHING IS CHANGED BUT THE FLOOR



THESE photographs could be of two entirely different bowling centers—but they both show the same place. In the lower picture, you see the big improvement that was made with just one change—a new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile.

The old floor was drab, hard to clean. Its appearance never was satisfactory, despite the expensive refinishing that was frequently done to make it presentable. The owners sensed that a bright, inviting atmosphere was needed, then obtained it at low cost with a new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile in a colorful design.

The new floor makes the whole place look redecorated—brighter, too, because it reflects so much more light. Now the surroundings stimulate a spirit of recreation.

The visual improvements are strikingly

apparent to patrons, but the proprietor is finding additional values in his new Armstrong Floor. Refinishing problems have been eliminated; cleaning time and expense have been cut to a minimum.

Armstrong's Asphalt Tile was the right choice for this bowling center because the concrete subfloor is directly on the ground. The alkaline moisture in this type of subfloor ruins most flooring materials, but Armstrong's Asphalt Tile is made especially to withstand this condition.

Your Armstrong contractor can help you get the Armstrong Floor best suited to your needs. He will gladly show you samples and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong offers many types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these floors has its own special advantages. Each has been developed to meet various cost, style, and subfloor requirements.

Send for free booklet, "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you compare the features of each type of resilient flooring and aid you in choosing the one that's best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5102 Fulton Street, Lancaster, Penna.



ARMSTRONG'S ASPHALT TILE



There's a big difference between a

bass ... and a ... basset

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK



On a trip to the country . . .



. . . or around the town . . .



you'll appreciate the extra power of "ETHYL" gasoline

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N.Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium [metallic] . . . chlorine [liquid] . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride [technical]

B.F. Goodrich



TESTS SHOW B.F.G. AGAINST SUDDEN BLOWOUTS

OFFICIAL AAA REPORT ON BLOWOUT SAFETY



1. SHOWN ABOVE ARE the actual Certificates of Performance issued by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, attesting to the ability of the B.F. Goodrich Tire to seal punctures and protect against sudden blowouts. Here's what these AAA certificates state:



2. "B. F. GOODRICH TUBELESS TIRES were tested in the same manner as B. F. Goodrich tires of conventional construction with inner tubes.



3. "SIDEWALLS were artificially weakened by knife cuts to simulate the effects of bruises from rocks, curbs and chuck holes.



5. "THE COVENENTIAL TIRES with inner tubes, both new and used, all failed by blowout and collapsed instantly."



6. "THE TUBELESS TIRES, both new and used, failed with a slow and gradual loss of air." (As indicated on graph marked by arrow above.) "For all of the Tubeless Tires tested an average of 4 min., 4 sec. was required for pressure to drop from 22 lbs. per sq. inch to 3 lbs. per sq. inch. The minimum time was 1 min., 37 sec., and the maximum time was 10 min., 57 sec."

OFFICIAL AAA REPORT ON PUNCTURE SAFETY



7. "NEW B. F. GOODRICH TUBELESS TIRES, of strictly stock status, were inflated to recommended pressures and were driven over a spike board in such a manner that . . ."

First Again!

TUBELESS TIRE PROTECTS YOU AND SEALS PUNCTURES TOO!



4. "ALL TIRES were driven until failure occurred, with these results:



5. "SEVERAL SPIKES completely penetrated the tire at the tread and were then withdrawn with no loss of air pressure indicated on the gauge."

5th Annual Report on B. F. Goodrich Invention That Protects Against Both Punctures and Sudden Blowouts

PROVED IN USE BY THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS

OVER five years ago our early tests indicated it! Reports from thousands of users confirmed it! Now, tests conducted by the American Automobile Association prove it! The B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire not only seals punctures, it ends sudden blowouts too! The first development in tire history that does both!

How Do Blowouts Occur? Blowouts start with a break in the tire's fabric. In a conventional tire, the inner tube stretches in an attempt to bridge the gradually increasing gap. The tube is forced into the break, is pinched through, chafed through, or stretched to the breaking point . . . resulting in a sudden explosive release of air.

Why Doesn't the Tubeless Tire Blow Out? The Tubeless has no inner tube to fail with sudden release of air. Its air retaining inner layer of special rubber is built into the tire. When a break in the fabric occurs, the tire's action gradually causes a small break in the liner and a slow release of air.

How Does It Seal Punctures? Sealant rubber under tread grips puncturing object, plugs hole when object

is pulled out, prevents escape of air.

How Does It Hold Air Without a Tube? Recent advances in man-made rubber made the Tubeless Tire possible. Rim-seal ridges on the tire bead make an air-tight seal against the rim flange preventing air loss at the rim. A layer of another special man-made rubber prevents air loss through the tire.

As in other BFG tires, "rhythmic-flexing cords" give "Rhythm Ride."

What About Supply? In cooperation with the government's program to restrict the use of rubber, the BFG Tubeless Tire may not be available in your area at this time. However, we can promise you that when conditions permit, production of this revolutionary tire will be expanded so that every motorist can be safe from both blowouts and punctures, a safety combination never possible before.





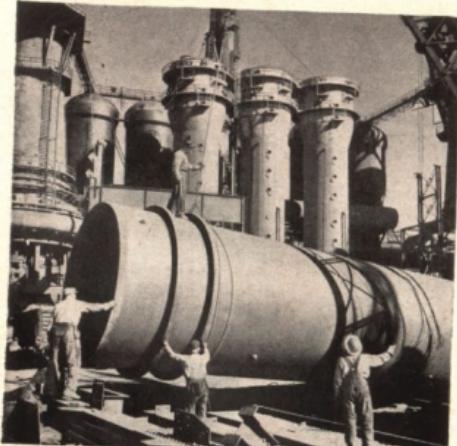
AMERICA'S STRUGGLE TO REARM STARTS HERE

A vital part of our rearming program is the effort of 600,000 men and women who work for more than 200 companies in the steel industry. They are doing these 3 things:

1 SQUEEZING the last possible ton of production from every piece of existing equipment. Bigger and more powerful turbo-blowers are being added to blast furnaces to speed up their production of pig iron. Many other new improvements are making steel mills produce above former capacity.

2 BUILDING new steel mills at the fastest speed in history. Steel is being made now at the rate of more than 104 million tons per year. All the steel plants in the rest of the world can't equal this, but new equipment will add at least 13 million tons by the end of 1952.

3 PROVIDING new ore, fuel and transportation facilities to keep pace with the growth of this world's champion industry. New Great Lakes carrier modeled below will speed ore to blast furnaces . . . a 1200-ton-per-day furnace uses more than 3700 tons of raw material per day.



THE STORY OF steel in America is too big to tell in a single page. But you should know the story of this vital battle for production. Write for a reprint of the interesting article from STEELWAYS, "Steel Rolls Up Its Sleeves," American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

AMERICAN-STANDARD

First in heating...first in plumbing



ARCOFLAME
OIL BURNER

*Another example of
AMERICAN-STANDARD
Leadership*

● You're looking into the business end of what many heating engineers declare is the most efficient oil burner on the market.

Yes, and any owner will tell you that nothing can compare with the luxurious heat and carefree comfort this completely automatic oil burner provides.

Distinguished for its fuel-saving "sunflower" flame, the Arcoflame features such outstanding engineering developments as the Turbometer which

meters and whirls the air into the combustion chamber to give clean and complete combustion...the Flo-Star which regulates the oil flow...the Arco-Mute Tube which carries the correct amount of oil to the nozzle and eliminates rumbling when the burner is stopped...and the Flame Stabilizer which permits precise adjustment and regulation of burner flame while burner is in operation. With capacities ranging from 1 to 7 gallons per hour, the Arco-

flame burns any domestic fuel oil.

While designed primarily for use with American-Standard boilers, furnaces and winter air conditioners, the Arcoflame has long been in considerable demand as a conversion burner for heating equipment of other makes—a fact which further indicates the tremendous public preference for products bearing the familiar American-Standard name.



American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation • General Offices: Pittsburgh, Pa.

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LETTERS

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444
DESK PEN SET

"Ink-Locked" against
accidental spillage. In
black, clear, green,
gray, maroon.



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CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY



MODEL 407
DIP-LESS DESK PEN

Extra large base holds two ounces of ink. Can't leak—won't flood. Visible ink supply.

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AMERICA'S FIRST PEN MAKER

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The Air Force & the Lady

Sir:

Your Jan. 29 story regarding the commissioning of Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer to a lieutenant colonel in the Women's Air Force Reserve interested me very much, because I too would like to become a lieutenant colonel. My qualifications:

Graduate, University of Oregon; business experience 1932-44; U.S. Marine Corps, 1944-45; U.S. Naval Reserve, 1947 to date.

The only reason I am considering a change is that I think it would be easier to support my wife and three kids on a lieutenant colonel's salary than on a seaman's . . .

DICK STEVENSON

Colusa, Calif.

Sir:

Well, I think that that'll old Air Force is just the sweetest'll old Air Force I know. And I don't give a care who knows it.

Please forward my'll old lieutenant colonel's commission under'll old separate cover.

R. F. McHALE

Detroit

Sir:

. . . If she appears in uniform, she rates a salute. Hmmph! . . .

J. D. RICHARDS

Galesburg, Ill.

Sir:

Fie on TIME for snapping Lieut. Colonel Thayer's girdle. It reassures our confidence in leadership to see the Air Force so effectively buttress itself. Social champagne commissions in the Pentagon boost the morale of the guys in Korea, especially anybody with less rank than lieutenant colonel . . . Best

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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February 19, 1951

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Number 8

TIME, FEBRUARY 19, 1951

FROM WHEEL CHAIR TO WEDDING BELLS

A true story from Miss Cahill's case book



Miss Jean M. Cahill, R.N.,
Rehabilitation Nurse

Robert Jackson walked down the aisle with his bride. That's what a bridegroom is supposed to do. But not many do it whose legs have been amputated a few months before in a mine accident.

Robert Jackson had a tough time in the hospital. Thanks to the best medical and surgical care—and a stout heart—he won his fight for life. It didn't look like much of a life. What's in it for a man with no legs? What about that pretty girl he wanted to marry . . . could he earn a living . . .

That's when Miss Cahill moved in.

Jean Cahill, R.N., is one of Liberty Mutual's rehabilitation nurses in the Mid-west. To help build a new life for Robert Jackson, she organized a long, patient program to train him to walk. She enlisted the help of the manufacturers in making and fitting special artificial legs.

Miss Cahill entered him in the Crossroads Rehabilitation Center in Indianapolis near his home. There Robert Jackson learned to use and trust his new legs. He passed aptitude tests which uncovered skills he didn't know he had. This led to a job offer from his former employer, but he chose to launch a business of his own. His walk down the aisle with his bride marked his victory in his fight to rebuild a normal life.

Rehabilitation by Liberty Mutual begins where regular hospital and medical care end. Jean Cahill is one of our rehabilitation nurses whose activities carry direct to the injured workers the techniques of Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Center in Boston.



All compensation companies provide indemnity and medical care for injured workers. Liberty Mutual does this—and more. We have helped hundreds of badly injured workers to rebuild normal lives and to become self-supporting—some of them with better jobs than they had before they were injured. This is one way Liberty Mutual helps to reduce the cost of Workmen's Compensation insurance.

LIBERTY [®] MUTUAL
HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

* LIBERTY MUTUAL provides automobile, workmen's compensation, liability, fire, accident and health, and crime insurance *



Now...for Americans...

THE LARGEST SELLING CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

To travelled Americans, the neat red Craven 'A' package is a familiar sight. And now these fine English-born cigarettes are made here... for Americans.

Craven 'A's are made of the most expensive tobacco in the world. Literally, there are no other cigarettes like them in this country. An interesting thing happens to people who smoke Craven 'A's. Because they so keenly enjoy the rare flavor of Craven 'A's rich, mild tobacco... and the firm, clean feel of the natural cork tip... Craven 'A' smokers almost never change brands.



JACQUES PREST

of all, this is swell strategy: when that company of fighting Chinese Communist females find out, they'll vamoose, fearing a barrage of empty champagne bottles from the "colonel's" plane . . .

C. E. HAMMOND

Cranbury, N.J.

Sir:

"Molly's" WAF commission is a "rank" insult to the many intelligent service women in all the branches who have had to earn their commissions the hard way . . . I suggest that on her next gift ride from the taxpayers, they take her up 30,000 feet sans oxygen and sans girdle, put her into a spin and let her bring it out herself.

E. K. PATTON

Bergenfield, N.J.

Sir:

I wonder just what the moral effect of this appointment will be on the thousands of Air Force officers who worked so hard to get a commission . . .

In weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the few publicity-seeking Air Force officers who arranged this commission, as against the moral effect on the conscientious Air Force officer, I would say the thing to do is to decommission Miss Thayer and put her back in mothballs . . .

SAMUEL S. SHERWIN
Captain, U.S.A.F. Reserve

Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . Why didn't they make her a five-star general? It wouldn't be any more ridiculous! . . .

ANNE DAVIS

Brattleboro, Vt.

Sir:

. . . I suggest that the Navy commission Gypsy Rose Lee a commander and put her in charge of stripping ships for action. The Army should commission Hedda Hopper a lieutenant colonel and place her in charge of Army censorship.

In regard to the statement that Miss Thayer's maid now answers the phone, "Colonel Thayer's residence," the only epithet I can think of that is fit to print is "Great Balls of Fire!"

T. S. MEDFORD

Norfolk, Va.

Wonderland

SIR:

TIME, FEB. 5, ERRED IN CREDITS FOR TWO CARTOONS: CROCKETT'S "SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME?" APPEARED IN WASHINGTON "EVENING STAR." THIS TIME-READER DOES NOT KNOW WHAT PAPER PUBLISHED EVANS' "ALICE IN WONDERLAND." THERE IS NO WASHINGTON "EVENING POST," UNLESS IN TIME'S WONDERLAND.

ANDREW J. KNOX

WASHINGTON, D.C.

¶ It was a proofreader among TIME'S Philadelphia printers who unaccountably went wandering in Wonderland. Editions printed in Chicago and Los Angeles had it right: Crockett's cartoon ran in the Washington *Evening Star*, Evans' "Alice in Wonderland" in the Columbus *Dispatch*—Ed.

Terrifying Babes

Sir:

Jawaharlal Nehru's "dynamic neutrality" is not "based on several stubbornly held notions" [TIME, Jan. 29]. He does not allow nations to govern India's destiny. His foreign policy is based on truth and justice. To undermine him just because he is not a henchman



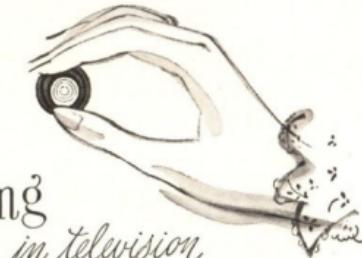
THE WESTBURY SERIES II, by Du Mont, with 19-inch direct-view Lifetone* picture.

DuMont

for the finest

Electronic Tuning

in television



The noticeably better tuning you get in Du Mont television receivers is due to the Du Mont Sensituner* and the Du Mont Selectuner,* the most accurate, sensitive and selective tuning devices in television. Finer tuning, however, is only one of the many unique features that insure real satisfaction to Du Mont owners . . . the kind of satisfaction that always comes from owning a masterpiece. For Du Mont has always chosen to be creator of the best to suit the most discriminating.

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**BUILT-IN ELECTRIC
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that super-heats water
to pasteurizing 180°

- 1 Hygienic-clean whirl-scrub washing and rinsing action—with 180° water supplied by the Apex built-in hot water tank.
- 2 Forced-Draft Drying — Impeller-fan forces hot air over dishes, leaving them completely dry and sparkling—cool enough for handling.
- 3 Automatic Self-Cleaning Tub — no strainers, no screens to clean—water rushes out with thorough flushing action. Apex DISH-A-MATIC automatically does a complete service for six. Does pots and pans, too! Operates so quietly you can hardly hear it. Three models—beautiful electric sink (above), compact cabinet model (left), drop-in unit for present kitchen counters. Apex WASTE-A-MATIC Food Waste Disposer available with sink unit.

Apex

THE PEAK OF QUALITY FOR 38 YEARS
WASH-A-MATIC Automatic Washers • Spiral
Dasher Washers • Automatic Clothes Dryer
FOLD-A-MATIC Ironer • Home Cleaners
(Copyright 1951, The Apex Electrical Mfg. Co.)

The Apex Electrical Manufacturing Company
Cleveland 10, Ohio

Please send DISH-A-MATIC literature and
the name of my Apex dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

City Zone State

of the U.S. State Department . . . shows intolerance. Again, Nehru has never claimed that he has superior wisdom.

Raleigh, N.C.

P. N. AMERSEY

Sir:

How nice to see one paper knocking Pundit Nehru off his pedestal of superior wisdom! . . . The idea of the warmonger of Kashmir and Nepal dictating the peace of Korea is fantastic . . .

MARIANNE BROWN
London, England

Sir:

Two terrifying babes in the woods are Nehru and Sir Benegal Rau, full of "understanding of the subtleties of the Eastern mind" and the wisdom of the ages. If they could force on the U.S. the kind of "peace" Russia wants, India might quickly fall. Then those two ignorant and idealistic [men] would be quietly liquidated . . . India's hypocritical coercion of the plebiscite in Kashmir must look fine to Joe, who may consider Pakistan a riddle not to crack. It even makes us wonder about the idealism of the Mahatma's successors . . . They should be firmly and loudly informed that any advantage they might throw to Russia will . . . bring world war that much closer.

PETER B. LOOMIS

Birmingham, Mich.

Useless Negotiations

SIR:

HAVING LOST A SON IN THE PRESENT KOREAN FARCE, REPEAT FARCE, I FEEL THAT NO PEOPLE CAN FIGHT A WAR WITH THEIR HANDS TIED BEHIND THEIR BACKS. GO AND GIVE THEM HELL WITH EVERYTHING WE HAVE . . . OUR ALLIES MAY LOSE A VERY IMPORTANT CONCESSION TEMPORARILY, BUT WE CAN ALWAYS RETAKE IT ANY TIME. THE RUSSIANS DO NOT THINK AS WE DO, AND IT IS USELESS TO NEGOTIATE, IF THEY START ANYTHING, GIVE THEM THE WORKS AND THEY WILL BE SORELY,

SELDEN F. SMITH

History Lesson

Sir:

In your Jan. 29 issue, you report on President Truman's address at the dinner of the Society of Business Magazine Editors . . . In view of the exceptionally high authority of the speaker, it may be surmised that from 25 to 30 million Americans have accepted these statements unreservedly. The President said: ". . . There is no difference between dictators, if you study their history . . ."

One of the first dictators in history was Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus. In 458 B.C. he was appointed dictator by the Roman Senate, being called from the plow to save Rome from foreign invasion . . . Having fulfilled the task . . . imposed upon him by the Senate, he returned to his plow . . . The first dictator of our times was Lenin. He went to Russia in 1917 [from exile in Switzerland] . . . He called to the Russian armies . . . to drop their rifles, fraternizing with the Germans, and run home, "to loot the loot," and then he seized power from the provisional government . . . After that, Lenin concluded peace with Germany and Austria . . . In other words, he betrayed his country and his people . . . Cincinnati saved Rome; Lenin sold Russia . . .

There is nothing unusual when such statements are offered to us by the irresponsible . . . [but] it is different when we hear such pronouncements from the voice of . . . authority . . .

P. S. POROHOVSHIKOV

Atlanta, Ga.

¶ The President's "authority" does not extend to fields of learning or philosophy—Ed.



Enameling Iron has millions of them!

The octopus gets by with just a few tentacles. But Armco Enameling Iron has millions of metal fingers on its surface which hold the glass-hard porcelain enamel finish in a lifetime bond.

These microscopic tentacles are developed when the porcelain enamel is melted and fused to the special iron base under terrific heat. So tenacious is their grip that porcelain enamel on Armco Enameling Iron gives you years of dependable service in washing machines, kitchen ranges, refrigerators and many other fine products.

This is only one of the special steels developed by Armco to improve home products—including the kitchen sink! Armco Research has made it possible for you to have the advantages of *extra*-quality steels in the things you buy for better living.

The famous Armco trademark on any product made of steel tells you that the manufacturer has selected a *special*-quality steel to give you longer service and more satisfaction.

Armco Steel Corporation, Middletown, Ohio.
Export: The Armco International Corporation.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

SPECIAL-PURPOSE STEELS TO HELP MANUFACTURERS MAKE BETTER PRODUCTS FOR YOU



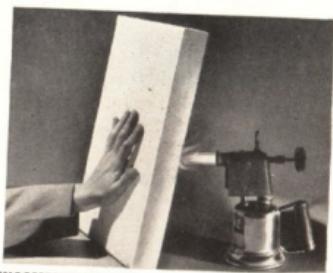
Out of 12 Years' Research “KAYLO” HYDROUS

WHAT IT IS

Kaylo is the brand name for a chemical compound of lime and sand. Its technical name is "hydrous calcium silicate". Introduced in 1943 by Owens-Illinois after many years of concentrated research, this material combines the highly important properties of incombustibility, heat insulation, strength and light weight to an extent not equalled by any other material.

Kaylo calcium silicate is not a glass product. It is made by chemical methods, from raw materials with which Owens-Illinois has had many years experience.

Kaylo material is produced commercially in *thermal density* (11 lbs. per cu. ft.) for use where heat insulation value is the primary need—and in *structural density* (20 lbs. per cu. ft.) for use where heat insulating and fireproofing needs are important in connection with substantial strength. Both densities are incombustible, exceptionally lightweight, dimensionally stable and strong.



INCOMBUSTIBILITY and resistance to heat flow are demonstrated by this bare hand test. Billions of microscopic air cells, formed during manufacture, give Kaylo material extremely low thermal conductivity and light weight.



INSOLUBLE IN WATER. In tests, Kaylo insulation has been boiled continuously for 24 hours and longer. After drying, it returns to its original state of strength and insulating efficiency. Kaylo material does not warp or support mold. It is rotproof and verminproof.

Comes a Better Material, CALCIUM SILICATE

HOW IT IS USED

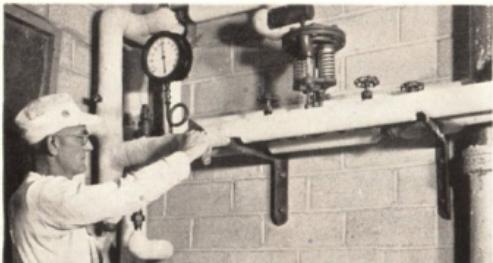
Kaylo material is the basic component for a line of building and insulating products manufactured by Owens-Illinois. Other manufacturers use Kaylo material in products, marketed under their own brand names. The unique combination of advantages offered by Kaylo material warrants attention by all progressive builders, building owners, manufacturers and designers.



KAYLO INSULATING ROOF TILE are high in insulating value, lightweight, structurally strong and incombustible. They form a long-lasting roof deck over which standard roofing materials are applied.



KAYLO LAMINATED PANELS, formed of Kaylo core material with cement-asbestos facing, are only 2" thick yet they give better insulating value than 16" of concrete. They form complete curtain walls or interior partitions.



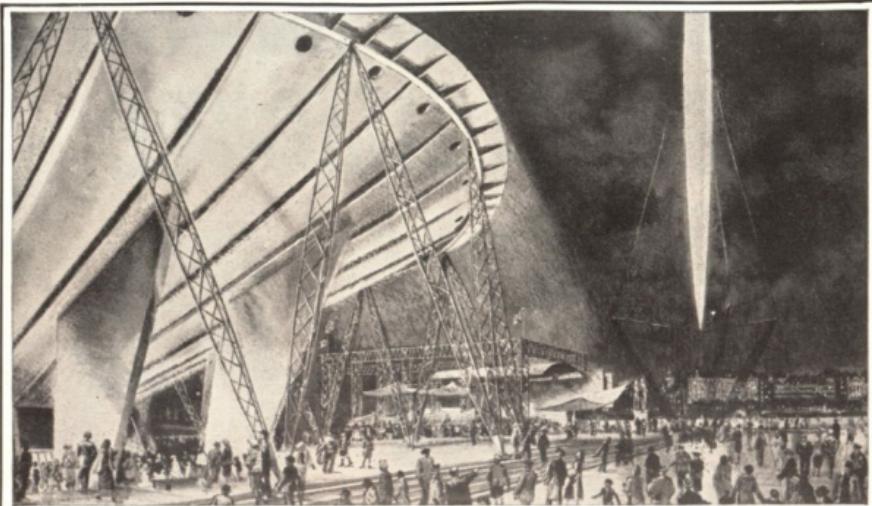
KAYLO PIPE INSULATION and Kaylo Heat Insulating Block insulate efficiently up to 1200°F. Kaylo insulation is highly resistant to damage from water; lightweight and strong, it is easy to handle and apply.



KAYLO FIREDOORS built of incombustible Kaylo core material with wood veneer facing offer the beauty of wood plus rated fire protection.

KAYLO[®] ...first in calcium silicate

...pioneered by OWENS--ILLINOIS Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio



This view of part of the South Bank Exhibition—center-piece of the Festival—shows the underside of the giant Dome of Discovery—365 feet across, the largest dome in the world—

together with the Skylon which, suspended in mid-air, will glow brightly across the night sky to sign-post this exhibition of Britain's industrial and scientific prowess.

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

MAY 3—SEPTEMBER 30



BRITAIN AT HOME TO THE WORLD. These words sum up the purpose and spirit of the Festival. Just as a hundred years ago Britain surprised the world by staging the first of all Great Exhibitions in the famous Crystal Palace, so now Britain invites you to a nation-wide display of British enterprise and progress in every sphere of national life.

OPENING CEREMONY

H.M. The King will declare the Festival of Britain open after a State service in St Paul's Cathedral on May 3 1951

EXHIBITIONS

LONDON May 4—September 30

South Bank Exhibition

May 3—October 31

Festival Pleasure Gardens, Battersea Park

May 3—September 30

Exhibition of Science, South Kensington

Exhibition of Architecture, Lansbury, Poplar

Exhibition of Books, Victoria & Albert Museum

GLASGOW May 28—August

Exhibition of Industrial Power, Kelvin Hall

BELFAST June 1—August 31

Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition

FESTIVALS OF THE ARTS

There will be a Special Festival Season of the Arts in LONDON May 3—June 30

Aberdeen Festival July 30—August 13

Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts June 17

Bath Assembly May 20—June 2

Belfast Festival of the Arts May 7—June 30

Bournemouth and Wexess May Festival June 3—17

Brighton Regency Festival July 16—August 25

Cambridge Festival July 30—August 18

Canterbury Festival July 18—August 10

Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music July 2—14

Dumfries Festival of the Arts June 24—30

Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama August 19—September 8

Inverness 1951 Highland Festival June 17—30

Liverpool Festival July 22—August 12

Llangollen (International Musical Eisteddfod) July 3—12

Llanwrst (Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales) August 6—11

Norwich Festival June 18—30

Oxford Festival July 2—16

Perth Arts Festival May 27—June 16

St. David's Festival (Music and Worship) July 10—13

Stratford-upon-Avon (Shakespeare Festival) March 24—October 27

Swansea Festival of Music September 16—29

Worcester (Three Choirs Festival) September 2—7

York Festival June 3—17

Included in the programme are special events in:

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh: Gathering of the Clans August 16—19

Exhibition of 18th Century Books August 3—September 15

Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Traditional Crafts July—September

Glasgow: Exhibition of Contemporary Books June 1—28

WALES

Cardiff: Pageant of Wales July 25—August 6

Exhibition of Contemporary Painting

St. Fagan's Folk Festival July 16—28

Dolhendre, Merioneth: Welsh Hillsides Farm scheme May—September

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast: Royal Ulster Agricultural Show May 23—26

Combined Services Tattoo August 29—September 1

IF YOU WOULD LIKE FURTHER DETAILS OF THE FESTIVAL PROGRAM ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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PRESIDENT..... Roy E. Larsen
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

To keep abreast of the shifting news tides in Asia, we have made some additions and changes in our staff of correspondents:

ROBERT NEVILLE, one-time FOREIGN NEWS writer, will dock this week in Hong Kong. As bureau chief there, he will cover the precarious little British jumpseat walled in by ambitious Reds. After wartime service in the Army, Neville was our correspondent in India for two turbulent years, followed by two years in Buenos Aires.

JACK DOWLING, former Pacific correspondent for the Chicago Sun-Times, joined our staff in October. He wrote FOREIGN NEWS for three months as a warmup for his current assignment—TIME correspondent in Southeast Asia. This week he is in Saigon to report on Indo-Chinese efforts to form a cabinet.

DWIGHT MARTIN, who has been covering the Korean war since September, recently reported on the state of Hong Kong's morale and defenses, then flew down for a look at booming business in Singapore. He is now headed for Formosa.

HUGH MOFFETT, chief of the Tokyo Bureau and one-time boss of our Chicago Bureau, was back on the Eighth Army front last week after being temporarily knocked out of action by a jeep accident. He heads up the staff of Americans and Japanese who cover Korea, MacArthur's headquarters, and Japan itself. Newest member of the staff: TOM LAMBERT, former Associated Press correspondent.

JIM BELL, who covered the Korean war for two months and was injured in a jeep accident, is now packing for another assignment. His new job: correspondent in the Russia-shadowed Middle East.

The editors expected our cover story on Senator Paul Douglas' speech ("The Fin of the Shark," Jan. 22) to bring us a heavy load of mail. They were right. But they did not expect something else that happened. The Senator's office was swamped with hundreds of letters and

wires of praise for his analysis, as reported in this magazine. Some samples:

A Unitarian minister: "Bless you!"

A college professor: "... You have cut to the core of the matter and outlined a basic foreign policy in clearer and more logical terms than any other individual . . ."

A newspaper editor: "After reading your foreign policy and national defense proposals in TIME, I must state that you have come forward with the most realistic approach . . ."

A North Dakota Republican: "It is too bad you are a Democrat."

When our MEDICINE section reported on the new "push-pull" (Jan. 8) method of artificial respiration developed in research under Chicago's Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, the radical technique had been tried only on nine quite healthy volunteers and 109 newly dead bodies. Never had it been tested on an actual drowning victim.



The story was spotted by Russell G. Tongay of Miami, father of swimming prodigies called the "Aquatots." He sent for a copy of the A.M.A. Journal article referred to in our story.

One morning soon after, he took his Aquatots to train in Ft. Lauderdale Municipal Pool. There, face down in the deep end of the pool, lay a little girl. He dived in, pulled her out, and tried for several minutes to revive her by the traditional Schaefer prone-pressure method.

But five-year-old Mary Jane Vickery showed no signs of reviving. Tongay took a chance. He tried the push-pull, and she soon began to stir. After a night in Broward Hospital, Mary Jane went home, fully recovered.

Tongay reported this first test case to the researchers who developed the push-pull method. Said Dr. Ivy: "A doctor's work, in practice or research, is intended to save lives. This makes me feel good . . ." TIME's job is to tell the news; this makes us feel good, too.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Fateful Error

An astonishing thing has been going on in Washington, and its direful importance is understood by only a handful of U.S. citizens. On the doom-laden Question of Inflation, the President of the U.S. is allowing the power of his office to be thrown against the weight & authority of expert knowledge and understanding.

Nearly every authority on economics in general or finance in particular says—and has said publicly—that:

1) The Federal Reserve Board should stop buying Government securities from banks at the present pegged prices. Reason: unlimited FRB buying gives banks more money for loans, disproportionately adds to the amount of cash in circulation.

2) The Treasury should accept the consequences of this decision: an increase in the interest rate on new securities, by, say, one-quarter of one percent.

A Finger on a Fact. President Truman understands the obvious need for wage & price controls. What he does not seem to understand is that inflation cannot be controlled unless the flow of money is damped down. And the flow of money is controlled, to a large extent, by how freely banks can dump Government bonds, without loss, on the Federal Reserve.

A group of University of Chicago economists issued a report which strongly urged that the flow of money be retarded. The alternative: ballooning prices (through ballooning credit) and disaster. The report pointed out that most people think prices are rising because of defense spending, but that is not, in fact, the case. Actually, the Government has not yet got around to spending very much for rearmament; in the last half of 1950 it took in more money than it paid out.

The report put its finger on the key fact; in the second half of 1950, FRB purchases from banks of Government bonds rose by almost \$3.5 billion. In that same period, bank loans rose by nearly \$10 billion (20%). That, said the report, was the critical reason for high prices, and it rose directly from "the misconceived monetary policy."

The Chicago report might have been more startling if it were the first word spoken on that side of the subject. It was not. A Senate-House committee had polled 405 of the nation's top economists and found them unanimously against the Administration's cheap-money policy. The



SECRETARY SNYDER & CONGRESSMAN DOUGHTON*
Cheap money means higher prices and devalued savings.

Committee for Economic Development had spoken to the same effect. Marriner Eccles, most outspoken of the governors of the FRB, also stood for damming up the flow of money, but the FRB itself did nothing decisive; considering the imposing figures on the other side of the question, it kept its mouth timidly shut.

A Tunneled View. The figures on the other side were Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder and the President of the U.S. Any politician could understand the President's position, even though he could not explain it: Snyder is the President's friend, a man in whom he has confidence.

Why does Snyder take the stand he does? Answer, in simplest terms: if the price of Government bonds falls (and thus interest rates on new issues have to be raised), it will cost the nation more to finance the national debt (now \$256 billion). It is as simple as that—and to the experts' eye as tunneled a view of a vast problem as a man could adopt.

Secretary Snyder had other arguments, seen through the tunnel—and they made a long essay on economics. So did the reply of the experts. But in short, the answer to Secretary Snyder is as follows:

If he sticks to his cheap-money policy

it will cost a horrifying lot more to finance than an addition to the interest on the national debt. It will send prices skyrocketing, knock the value out of life insurance and savings and the purchasing power out of the household budget, shoot up the cost of rearmament, strike a deadly blow to the U.S. economy—and the economy of the free world. This is true, as the experts have pointed out, because the Snyder policy, in over-prosperous 1951, is sure-fire fuel for really dangerous inflation.

Plenty of Cooks

Just about everyone on Capitol Hill last week was a short-order cook with a favorite recipe for frying the fat out of Harry Truman's \$71.6 billion budget.† The trouble was that most of the recipes were the old hit-or-miss kind handed down from grandmother's kitchen—take a chunk of executive expenditures, mix

* Discussing the budget, for which Doughton's Ways & Means Committee must produce the new taxes.

† Actually, the budget for fiscal 1952 adds up to \$94.4 billion—\$71.6 billion for cash expenditures and another \$22.8 billion in contract authority to be allocated now and paid for later.

with a heaping tablespoon of Social Security appropriations and simmer until done.

Republicans were more hopeful than helpful. "We've got to cut out the dessert," declared Minority Leader Joe Martin. He was sure \$4 to \$5 billion could be melted off with ease. New York's nickel-minded John Taber thought at least \$3 or \$4 billion could be saved. But the Republicans still had not dug up a single specific recipe for doing the job.

Cars & Paper. Mr. Truman's own party colleagues did a little better. Virginia's Harry Flood Byrd, a man who some day hopes to hear a Lincoln-head penny holler Uncle, wanted to fry off \$9.1 billion—\$200 million from the Veterans Administration, \$500 million out of the Defense budget, \$3.5 billion out of the \$7.5 billion foreign-aid program and \$4.9 billion out of the domestic-civilian sectors of the Truman budget.

Paul Douglas of Illinois, a liberal who is endowed with the heretical habit of favoring economy in Government, was still sniffing and measuring away. Without even touching the vast funds ticketed for national defense, he thought he detected \$4 to \$6.5 billion of possible fat: \$100 million of general Government expenditures, \$300 million in the VA, maybe \$200 million in agriculture, \$150 million in conservation programs, another \$150 million in the Government-loan field, down to countless hundreds of thousands that could be saved by buying cheaper cars for Government officials and cheaper paper for Government clerks.

Guns & Pork. The budget-cutters were also beginning to cast a flinty eye at the Pentagon, which was down for the lion's share—a lump sum \$41.4 billion of the coming budget. There were doubtless millions to be saved by resisting the Pentagon's request for a blank check, and making the admirals and generals come up with some specific figures.

But as usual, the biggest roll of fat was uncomfortably close to Congress' own waistline. The annual pork barrel—a dazzling and expensive array of highways, flood walls, harbor improvements, reclamation projects, new parks and buildings, and other enterprises designed principally to please a Congressman's or Senator's home-town constituents—would be the real test of the cooks' intentions.

Not until the proposals for dropping pork-barrel items began piling up in the pantry, and the budget-cutters began to replace broad-gauged words with some specific proposals, could the U.S. taxpayer settle back and listen to the pleasant sputter of frying fat.

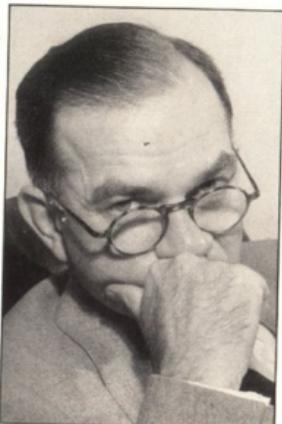
THE PRESIDENCY

Irritated Man

Underlip clamped over upper, knuckles on his desk, Harry Truman faced his questioners. He had just declared the railroad tie-up "intolerable in an emergency" (*see Labor*), and announced that he had told the Army to "take appropriate action." Had he any news of progress in the dis-

pate between the switchmen and the railroads? a reporter asked. Truman said that they were still talking with each other, that, as the reporters knew, an agreement had been signed. Harry Truman paused, then burst out angrily: the railroad union leaders acted like a bunch of Russians; they went back on their signature.

He Dared... Such outbursts of presidential temper had been coming with increasing frequency in recent months. At his press conference last week, the President was plainly feeling irascible again. He answered all questions with the same half-throttled irritation. Reminded that some Congressmen were threatening to fry the fat out of the budget, he thrust out



J. G. Zimmerman
SENATOR FULBRIGHT
An over-educated blank-blank?

his jaw and declared that they had said that last year and ended up adding a billion or so. It was a good, tight budget, he said truculently, and he dared them to do anything to it.

Mr. Truman also pitched into Arkansas' Democratic Senator J. William Fulbright and his subcommittee's report condemning White House influence in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (TIME, Feb. 12). He had spent ten years in the Senate, said Harry Truman wistfully, but he was happy to say he never wrote a report like that.

The report was asinine. In fact, the only objective of the report seemed to have been a reflection on the President himself. He had never brought pressure on the RFC, on any other agency except in the public interest. There may have been some mistakes; the man who makes no mistake is the man who never does anything. He just couldn't get what they were driving at, said Truman. As soon as the chairman got back to town—he left town when he found out the President wanted to see him—maybe he could find out what they were talking about.

That Oxford Blank-Blank. Truman's dislike for Rhodes Scholar Fulbright was a long-standing one, dating from Fulbright's suggestion after the Republican victory in 1946 that Harry Truman should appoint a Republican Secretary of State and resign in his favor, following the English parliamentary pattern. In his private conversation, Truman has since referred to Fulbright as "that over-educated, Oxford blank-blank."*

Now the fat was in the fire. On Capitol Hill, angry Senators immediately announced that they would pursue their investigation of the RFC to the limit. This week Truman defiantly replied by renominating every one of the five RFC members. From Miami Beach Chairman Fulbright said that he left Washington not because he knew the President wanted to see him (he hadn't heard he did) but to fulfill a speaking engagement of several months' standing. "I do not wish to seem disrespectful to the President," said Fulbright, "but this statement of the President is not true."

Last week the President also:

¶ Picked up a telephone and called Herbert Hoover in New York. "Mr. President, this is Harry Truman," said Harry Truman. He asked him (and Hoover agreed) to lend his prestige in appealing for the grain needed by famine-threatened India (TIME, Feb. 12). This week Truman formally asked Congress for authority to ship India the 2,000,000 tons of grain.

¶ Got a pleasant surprise when New Zealand's Prime Minister Sidney G. Holland stopped in on his way home from London and told him: "I have come here making no requests of any kind. For whatever we need, we are able to pay for out of our own resources." Said Holland: "He threw up his hand and saluted me."

POLITICAL NOTES

Lincoln, Taft & McCarthy

One week ahead of time, 12,000 Republicans in the nation's capital jammed Uline Arena to buy a boxed chicken supper, gaze at drum majorettes and applaud an aged American Indian in spectacles and war bonnet. With partisan joy they listened to a series of grim, lowbrow political messages reeking with campaign clichés.

The man of the evening was Robert Taft, whom the 12,000 partisans seemed to want for their presidential candidate in 1952. The man who electrified the crowd, however, was Senator Joe McCarthy, who vowed: "The Republican Party [has] a mandate to stand as a solid wall against the slow poison of Socialism and the dagger death of Communism." Lincoln got the homage, Taft got the respect, Joe McCarthy got the cheers.

* Other blasts of recent memory: the famous angry letter to Music Critic Paul Hume for his review of daughter Margaret's singing; his slap at the Marine Corps ("they have a propaganda machine that is almost equal to Stalin's"); his crack at the miners' John L. Lewis ("for your information, I wouldn't appoint John L. Lewis dogcatcher").

Seven to Go

By vote of its state legislature last week, Wyoming became the 29th state (of 36 required) to ratify the 2nd Amendment to the Constitution,* which would limit the President to two terms.

LABOR

Back to Work

The "sick" switchmen played out their hand to the bitter end. Some of the strikers responded to Charles Wilson's appeal to return (TIME, Feb. 12). But it took Harry Truman's stinging rebuke and the threat of a club to get the rest of them back and the trains running. The Army, theoretical boss of the roads since they were seized last summer, did what no private boss can do: it ordered the workers to work or be fired.

That did it. One of the most damaging strikes in recent years ended.

But the Railway Labor Act, once the model machinery for settling labor disputes through prolonged negotiation, mediation and sweet reasonableness, was a shambles. Mr. Truman was bitter, although the fact of the matter was that he himself and Franklin Roosevelt were as responsible as anyone for the wreck of the act.

The act had worked very well from 1934 to 1941. Then Franklin Roosevelt upset its balanced give & take; he went over the heads of his own fact-finding board to give the brotherhoods exactly what they were demanding. After that, the brotherhoods merely went through the act's routine, agreed to nothing and sat back each time to wait for the gen-

* Making a total of five to approve the amendment this year. The others: Indiana, Montana, Idaho, New Mexico.



Packer—N. Y. Daily Mirror

"Old FAITHFUL SPOUTS"

Generally on the receiving end.



Associated Press

THE TRAINMEN'S KENNEDY & LAWYER
Rebuked, defeated and clubbed.

erous award which they knew they could get from the Great White Father.

For the most part, Mr. Truman had followed the policy of Mr. Roosevelt.

This week, although the strike was over, nothing was really settled in a wage dispute which had been going on for almost two years. As a small sop, the Army temporarily boosted wages by half the amount the carriers had agreed to pay last December (an amount which the brotherhoods had rejected). No one expected the brotherhoods to be satisfied with that. The brotherhoods smarted under their defeat, under the President's harsh words, and, incidentally, under a federal judge's verdict that William P. Kennedy's Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen was in contempt of court (\$25,000 fine) for defying a back-to-work order last December.

One oddly bright spot in the whole sorry affair was the fact that the ill-famed Long Island Rail Road, generally on the receiving end of commuters' brickbats because of its erratic operation, kept running steadily all through the strike.

DISASTER

The Trestle at Woodbridge

South and west of New York City, the Jersey Meadows stretch desolately. On the flat, salt-soaked tidal flats, the reed grass is sharp-edged and bitter, and around its roots, the soot is thick in the spongy soil. Freight trains chuff across the flatlands; across them, too, each day, rumble the gritty, hard-seated trains of the Jersey Central and the prosperous Pennsylvania's Bay Head line, carrying commuters to the trim farms and tidy suburbs of New Jersey's shore towns.

Last week dusk had shrouded the flat-

lands as the Pennsylvania's 5:10 express (*the Broker*) pulled out of Jersey City, crowded with standees. Veteran Engineer Joseph Fitzsimmons roared through a light ground fog. Ahead of him lay a spur. It was newly installed, had been opened only that afternoon. It swung gently off to the right, crossed a temporary trestle over an underpass, then paralleled the regular track to allow for construction of a new bridge for the Jersey Turnpike project.

Snapped Like a Whip. The *Broker* hit the spur at 5:43. The first cars lurched wildly. Just past the trestle, the steam locomotive toppled over on its side. There



Hutton—The Philadelphia Inquirer

"FAILURE OF AN OLD REMEDY"
The Great White Father was generous.

was a thunderous crash. One after another, the cars smashed ahead, tumbled down the embankment in a tangle of steel, slicing glass and mud—hurling bodies from their sides like maggots.

Said a passenger afterwards: "It felt like a whip being snapped. Newspapers started flying all over the car. The next thing I remember, the car was over on its side. I saw bodies stuffed into the baggage racks." A great cloud of hissing steam, smoke, dust and soot smothered the wreckage. Inside, men and women screamed and struggled. "They were like a bunch of wild animals trying to get out of turned-over cages, clawing and punching each other to get clear," said one of the survivors shakily.

Around the cotted misery of those six mangled cars in a town called Woodbridge—a dormitory for factory workers perched above the marshes—wives, fathers, husbands, sons converged from the neat towns of the Jersey shore. They gathered in numbed and desperate numbers at the entrances of hospitals, tugged at the sleeves of rescue workers, sat in rigid discomfort on the hard chairs in the Sunday-school room of Woodbridge's Methodist Church.

A Yellow Light. This week the ghastly casualty figures were still mounting. There were 84 dead so far, 400 injured in the nation's worst railroad wreck since 115 were killed at Nashville in 1918. For New York commuters, it was the third big wreck in twelve months—32 were killed in a Long Island Rail Road smashup at Rockville Centre last February, 79 in another L.I.R.R. wreck at Richmond Hill.⁹ For the Pennsylvania, it was the second major crash in five months; in September, the *Spirit of St. Louis* rammed into a stalled troop train near Coshocton, Ohio and killed 33 soldiers.

From a hospital bed in Perth Amboy, bruised and with two broken ribs, Engineer Fitzsimmons talked with the ICC investigators. "I was looking all the time for a yellow light, a yellow light, a yellow light," he chanted with desperate insistence. "That is the custom. One light as you approach. The second light is at the point at which the slow order is effective," Said Fitzsimmons: "Those lights weren't there."

The Pennsylvania insisted that there was nothing wrong with the trestle, that the engineer had disregarded an order to reduce speed before the temporary spur. But the railroad admitted that there had been no signal lights. It was not Pennsylvania practice.

Flourishing a set of the Pennsylvania's own rules requiring warning lights, Assistant County Prosecutor Alex Eber promptly accused the railroad of "criminal negligence," and announced that he would try

⁹ After the second Long Island disaster, the Pennsylvania (which is the only stockholder of the bankrupt Long Island) had taken three-quarter-page ads to point out self-righteously that the Long Island had had a perfect safety record for 23 years when the Pennsylvania was running it.

to indict the Pennsylvania for manslaughter. Snapped Eber: "I don't propose to stand by and permit the Pennsylvania to use the engineer as its scapegoat."

The superintendent of the Pennsylvania's New York division retorted with the callous disavowal of responsibility that commuters had learned to expect from their railroads: "We never intended to put a signal light there at all. We still don't intend to install signal lights at either end of the detour because it's still a temporary project. The railroad makes many . . . changes without notifying the ICC . . . After all, it's our own property."



International

WILLIAM REMINGTON
The implication was even graver.

TRIALS

Guilty as Charged

At the defense table, William Remington put down the book he had been reading—Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*. In the jury box, the foreman, Hotel Clerk David L. Jones, rose to his feet. "We find the defendant guilty as charged," he said in a husky voice. Remington closed his book, shut his eyes, and got to his feet with an effort. Two U.S. marshals stepped to his side. Federal Judge Gregory F. Noonan told the jury: "I believe the verdict you have arrived at is a fair one."

Thus young (33), brilliant (*Phi Beta Kappa*), Dartmouth-trained Bill Remington was publicly and legally branded a liar for saying that he had never been a Communist. He was convicted for perjury, but even graver was the implication that he had passed on to fellow Communists secret information to which he had access

when he was working for the WPB. Remington was whisked off to jail for the night. Next day, pale but calm, he stood before Judge Noonan and received the maximum sentence for perjury: five years in jail and a \$2,000 fine.

But at week's end, Remington was still free. The U.S. court of appeals had continued his bail, and his attorneys had filed an appeal, contending that twelve "substantial" errors were committed during his trial.

A name that cropped up often during the Remington trial was back in the news. Mrs. Elizabeth Moos, Remington's former mother-in-law, was one of the five sponsors of the Peace Information Center, publicity agents for the Stockholm Peace Appeal, who were indicted by a federal grand jury in Washington for failure to register as foreign agents. Another of the five: Dr. William E. Dubois, 82, Negro writer, who ran for the Senate on the New York American Labor Party ticket last fall.

ARMED FORCES

Heroism Can Be Easy

Among the highest and rarest medals for heroism in the nation's gift are the Distinguished Service Cross (for "extraordinary heroism . . . against an armed enemy") and the Silver Star (for "gallantry in action"). But by last week the Cross and the Star were beginning to seem neither so high nor so rare.

In Korea, reporters totted up the awards bestowed by General Douglas MacArthur and the Air Force's Lieut. General George Stratemeyer. Stratemeyer had awarded Silver Stars to seven of his back-in-Japan staff officers. One brigadier general got his for assuring the "constant and uninterrupted flow of material," other staff generals for being "subject to enemy air and ground attack" during occasional flying trips to Korea.

Douglas MacArthur had been similarly generous. His surgeon general and his chief of intelligence got Silver Stars. At the Inchon landing, MacArthur approached the beach in a landing craft, but was persuaded to go no closer by the Seventh Fleet's commander, Vice Admiral Arthur D. Struble. Later, MacArthur decorated Struble with the Distinguished Service Cross, though Struble had done little more, heroically speaking, than stand on his bridge in a calm sea. Vice Admiral C. T. Joy, Far East naval commander, got one too. When MacArthur finally landed, he passed out Silver Stars to three Marine officers—and two South Korean naval officers who happened to be passing by.

MacArthur topped this off with another Cross to Stratemeyer for "continually subjecting himself to great danger" in directing the evacuation of U.S. civilians from advanced airfields. And Stratemeyer awarded MacArthur the Distinguished Flying Cross ("for heroism or extraordinary achievement while participating in an aerial flight"), on the ground that MacArthur's flying visits to Korea were made

"under conditions presenting the threat of hostile air interception."

Somewhat, the flow of bright ribbons was still not trickling down to the enlisted ranks. Near Waegwan a few months ago, a corporal named Everett L. Elmore headed his boat across the bullet-torn Nakdong River for the enemy-held shore. Mortar shells crashed alongside, machine-gun bullets stitched a pattern against its sides. Corporal Elmore rallied his panic-stricken passengers, delivered them to the beachhead, and went back for more. On his last trip, Corporal Elmore was mortally hit. He got the Bronze Star Medal—posthumously—an award for "heroic achievement" not deemed to be of sufficient degree to merit a Distinguished Service Cross or a Silver Star.

CRIME

The King Meets a Christian

Louisiana's Sheriff Frank J. Clancy is every inch a king. For the past 22 years he has ruled the delta flats and neon jungles of Jefferson Parish, near New Orleans. Clancy was at his imperial best when the U.S. Senate's crime investigators swooped into Louisiana last month with embarrassing questions about gambling, whorehouses and boogie joints. He received the investigators with proper hauteur and met their questions with regal silence.

But when the Senators prepared to crown King Clancy with a contempt citation, the thought of rubbing shoulders with all those commoners in a federal prison gave the King pause. One day last week he bought train tickets for himself and his chauffeur (so he would have someone to play gin rummy with) and rushed to Washington to make amends. Seated in the hearing room of Senator Estes Kefauver's crime investigating committee, Sheriff Clancy set out to explain some of the royal problems.

Jefferson Parish. "I thought that incrimination was more local than it was involved in the federal angle of it," he said in the imperial tongue. "And . . . I think that something ought to be said in all fairness to Jefferson Parish." Of course, he added hastily, "I would not want to say that Jefferson is one of the finest places in the world . . . or anything like that."

What did Sheriff Clancy know about crime in Jefferson Parish? Well, he had been sheriff for only 22 years, so naturally he didn't know all about it. "Insofar as gambling is concerned," he obliged, "that has been going on there for hundreds of years. I presume that a man that would run for office down there . . . unless he was for it, he could not have been elected."

Why so? the committee asked. "So many people worked in these places, up to better than 1,000," explained the sheriff. "Of those, there were a lot of them who were underprivileged and old people . . ."

* Last week Army Secretary Frank Pace and Chief of Staff J. Lawton Collins pinned the first Korean campaign ribbons (blue with white stripes) on three wounded veterans in Washington's Walter Reed hospital.

Brimstone. Charles Tobey, the seriously Christian Senator from New Hampshire, gazed upon Sheriff Clancy as if he had just confessed to correspondence with the devil. "Have you upheld the law as against gambling?" the Senator boomed.

"I cannot say that I did," Clancy admitted, with an engaging smile.

"Then you have broken your oath of office," cried Tobey incredulously.

"That is right, Senator," replied Clancy pleasantly. "I broke it for the sake of those old and unfortunate men who could not get employment any other place."

Clancy's concern for the old and unfortunate went even further—to make sure



Associated Press

KING CLANCY

He was identified as a type of vermin.

they got work, one of Clancy's deputies had the job of hiring all dealers, croupiers, chart-makers and other attendants of illegal establishments. Clancy agreed to let Dandy Phil Kastel, partner of Manhattan's Frank Costello, open a gambling spot on the understanding that it would help relieve local unemployment. Unless they hired local people, said Clancy grandly, gamblers couldn't open in Jefferson.

"In other words," he was asked, "you are the high power who gives the clearances?" "Yes, sir," said Clancy proudly.

"And when Clancy lowers the boom and says to close, they close; is that not right?"

"That is right," said Clancy, "they close."

The smell of brimstone almost suffocated pious old Charles Tobey. "Why don't you sit and listen to this type of . . . political vermin who comes up before us and shoots off and defies the law; a good humor man, he laughs about it all with a smile on his face."

Salvation? Still smiling, King Clancy told about his own financial successes. In the last four years he had made \$78,000

betting on the horses. The Senators wanted to know his system. "My formula is to play the last race," he explained. ". . . You cannot play every race and win . . . If you play the first races you stay there and be hooked . . . If you play the last races [and] get a winner, you go home."

For 2½ hours, King Clancy bared tiny, selected bits of his soul to the Senators, not really giving them much more than they already knew about crime in Louisiana, but astonishing one & all with his shameless villainy. Clancy ended his testimony with a promise: when he got back home, he was going to close up every joint in Jefferson—"give them until 6 o'clock to get closed up, otherwise go to jail." Even Senator Tobey, somewhat mollified, saw hope for King Clancy's salvation.

"Come hell or high water?" Tobey demanded.

"Definitely," said Clancy. "You have my word for that . . . I want to thank Senator Tobey for his remarks because I think it will help me to make Jefferson a better place."

"Yes," concluded Tobey reflectively, "you and I are getting older. Life is a very uncertain thing when that time comes when the bell rings and we have to move on."

"That is right," Clancy agreed soberly.

The committee dropped the contempt charges and sent smiling King Clancy back to his 1,000-acre ranch, his new home, his kennel of hunting dogs, his big cattle barn, and the thousands of reverent Jefferson Parish subjects who figure the King can do no wrong that hasn't been done by many another public official in Louisiana.

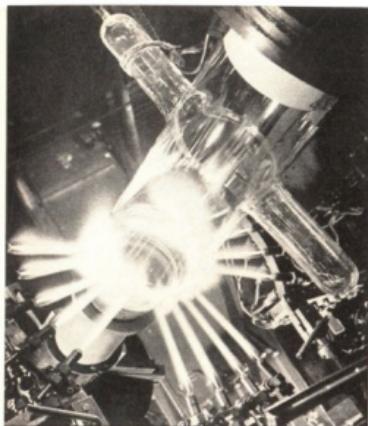
NEW YORK

Water

At the height of the water shortage last year, unbathed and stubble-bearded New Yorkers were exhorted to tighten up their faucets, use soda water on their teeth, and drink their whisky neat. But this year New York would apparently have plenty of water to tide it over the hot months. Last week the upstate reservoirs were filled to the top and brimming over.

Air

No sooner had New Yorkers heard the good news about their water supply than their attention was wrenched abruptly skywards. In three sections of the city, a local survey showed last week, soot was piling up twice as deep as it did in Pittsburgh in the days when Pittsburgh was a standard joke. One expert estimated that the annual fall of soot within a radius of 40 miles from New York City might be as high as 384,000 tons a year. And what disturbed New Yorkers most of all was a new test which showed they sucked in about 185,000 particles of dirt at every breath, including large draughts of such unpleasant byproducts as arsenic, carbon monoxide and chlorine from the city's spewing factory chimneys.



Andreas Feininger—Life

SEALING 100-KW. BROADCAST TUBE



International

STEEL SHAFT FOR GIANT TURBINE ELECTRIC GENERATORS



Fritz Gord—Black Star

OPTICS TEST. BELOW, GENERATOR STATOR
Alfred Eisenstaedt—Pic



MOBILIZATION

The Man at the Wheel (See Cover)

Among all the complicated engines contrived by man, few have titillated the imagination like that noble automotive artifact, the Stanley Steamer. Nobody, according to early legend, knew how fast it would go, but thousands of dustered and begoggled motorists believed that a man with nerve enough to hold its throttle open after his hat flew off could keep it accelerating indefinitely. It was rumored—though here the mind reeled and the senses boggled—that it might reach 100 miles an hour.

Last week, after a decade of the greatest industrial achievement man had ever known, many a citizen had gotten the same feeling about the productive capacity of the U.S. The idea that one nation could successfully jock up the whole Western world, put it on wheels and tow it along, perhaps for decades, was almost too fantastic to grasp. Here was the U.S. with the Korean war to fight, with India to feed, with Europe to supply, arm and encourage, with enormous armed forces to be raised and equipped at home. It was a gigantic project—a productive effort completely without precedent in human affairs.

But most Americans don't know their own strength. To the men who man and manage the nation's production lines, the project, enormous as it was, did not seem in the least fantastic. To Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson, the man who had been seated at the wheel of U.S. production, it was, quite simply, a job which could be done because it had to be done (*see EDUCATION*). As the nation's Mr. Production, he has not the slightest doubt that U.S. brain and muscle can accomplish anything that is asked of it—and double the accomplishment next year.

All This & More? At 64, Charlie Wilson is a magnificent specimen of an authentic 20th Century phenomenon, the American production man. He sees nothing astounding at all in the fact that the

country has, in the five years since the world's greatest and most exhausting war, both manufactured and absorbed, among other things, 28,412,392 automobiles and trucks, 75,706,000 radios, 17,265,000 washing machines, 20,816,000 refrigerators, 110,940,000 men's suits, about 5 billion undergarments.

He is neither surprised nor particularly dazzled by the fact that the U.S. has been able at the same time to pour billions in dollars and goods into the war-torn countries of Europe and Asia. He is calmly convinced that the U.S. can now turn to building \$50 billion a year worth of tanks, planes and guns with only a temporary halt in the flow of new houses, bigger television screens and better automatic toasters. "The productivity of the U.S. is so tremendous," said Charles Wilson recently, "that if we started an all-out economic mobilization today, we could practically fill Texas with war machines by 1952."

It was the kind of phenomenon that Charlie Wilson had learned to take almost for granted. In seven years as president of the General Electric Co., he was ringmaster of one of the biggest industrial shows on earth: a colossal sprawl of 115 factories which annually produced 200,000 different items (from miniature .06-gram light globes to 100-ton generator shafts) worth more than \$1 billion, a talented industrial giant which could reach out and run the Hanford atomic works for the Government as well. During World War II, as the strong man of the WPB, he broke aircraft production bottlenecks and cleared the way for the 1944 record of 96,360 military planes. When he returned to G.E. after the war, he promptly set to raising its output by a staggering 385%.

Simple Man. Charles Wilson, like the rest of his breed, is a simple man: a big, enormously strong fellow (6 ft. 2 in., 212 lbs.) who looks and moves like an old heavyweight fighter lightly disguised by thick glasses and well-cut suits. There is little pretense about him, even as to appearance—he once was a heavyweight club fighter. He devotes himself, 12, 24, 18



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life
ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING, 1,000,000 VOLTS



Elizabeth Timberman—Life
COFFEE POT



COMPRESSOR ROTORS FOR JET ENGINES

hours a day, to business. He is a meat-and-potatoes-and-apple-pie man who smokes big cigars. He flies to "get there faster." Most of his weekends belong to his family, to the Scarsdale Golf Club and to the Baptist Church. He is a fair and friendly man, but one who roars and pounds desks when he loses his temper.

To say that he has lived, grown and succeeded without being touched by the complexities of modern life would be the grossest exaggeration. The one word—business—connotes a staggering compendium of codes, practices, techniques and philosophies. Charlie Wilson's head is full of them. He is also a Republican serving a Democratic Administration, a free-enterpriser at work administering controls, a critic of Harry Truman, the President, who has sneaked off to Washington for years to visit with Harry Truman, the man.

But his great talent is nevertheless a kind of simplicity: the ability to reduce all the vast complexities to simple terms—the belief that the right machines, manned by the right men and operated by the right principles, can do almost anything. For Charles Wilson those right principles can be summed up just as simply in a phrase often misused and often self-consciously avoided. He is not in the least ashamed of talking about the American Way of Life.

Big Job. Today Charlie Wilson has more power over the U.S. economy than has ever been placed in the hands of anyone but a President. He is chairman of a mobilization board which consists of six Cabinet members and commands agencies which can regulate and control almost every aspect of U.S. life. Unlike the World War II days, when his job was simply to produce everything the military asked for, he is now charged as well with keeping the civilian economy from flying to bits in the process.

On his big, uncluttered desk he keeps a special folder called his "weather-eye file." There are laid out some of the massive problems for which he must find the answers: getting a manpower policy under

way, food prices, pushing scientists into finding substitutes for critical minerals such as cobalt, stockpiling.

Last week Mobilizer Wilson was tooling up to tackle those jobs and scores more like them with the same air of conviction he has maintained since he was old enough to hold a wrench or twist a valve.

Power & Freedom. He was born into the era just before the turn of the century when U.S.A. was clearly beginning to spell POWER as well as FREEDOM. One of the first of the industrial miracles of the times, the wondrous Brooklyn Bridge, laid its shadow on his early life. His father, a bookbinder named George Wilson, was among the throngs at the opening ceremonies, on May 24, 1883. A woman fell from a perch on one of the piers, the crowd began shoving and trampling, and the elder Wilson was badly crushed. He died three years after Charlie was born, leaving his wife, Hannah, to support her son on the pittance she earned as a practical nurse.

Charlie had a hard boyhood. It was a day when Manhattan's West Side was a tough, rough place. The barkeep "Mallet" Murphy hammered people into dreamland with his bung stater. The "Gophers" and the "Parlor Mob" roamed the gaslit streets. Vice and violence were luridly prevalent. Charlie learned to fight. But his mother had antidotes for the seamy environment outside their flat. Every Sunday morning she took him to Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church on 31st Street. She told him: "Do what is right and you'll never go wrong." On top of that,

Charlie had things other than hell-raising on his mind.

"I always wanted to make a lot of money," he recalls. "And I wanted to make it quick." He went after his goal with a fierce single-purposeness that left little time for anything but work. He sold papers—but only extras on which he could make 300% profit. During the summer, when he was eleven, he got a job at a gin mill and fishing resort on Long Island, and assumed, among other duties, the task of bottling Old Popskull from a back-room hooch barrel. In his spare time he went clamming. By rowing ten miles a day and wrestling a pair of gigantic steel tongs, he made \$150.

When he was 13 he quit school, went up

Jerry Cooke—Life



to 34th Street and got a job as office boy at the foul-smelling factory of the Sprague Electric Co. The job paid \$3 a week and provided an idol—Bill Ruete, the plant superintendent, a huge hulk of a man who wore a handlebar mustache and a glittering ruby and diamond stickpin. The new office boy told the boss he had two ambitions: to become manager and get a diamond stickpin. That was 1899. He never took a backward step.

Sprague Electric became his school, and big Bill Ruete a sort of boss, teacher and father rolled into one. Ruete not only showed him the secrets of the company's products—hoists, cables, motors, electric fans—but also taught him how to tie his tie, to keep his fingernails clean, and pushed him into studying. As he grew, Charlie Wilson took lessons in shorthand

that only a poor New York boy would understand—moved his wife and mother uptown. He was also an employee of a big corporation: G.E. had bought up Sprague Electric. The change-over made little difference at first. But during World War I (Wilson was turned down by the Army because of his bad eyesight) the Sprague branch opened a shop to build aircraft instrument panels. Charlie ran the show.

By 1923 he was one of the corporation's favored sons, a man marked for tempering and testing under the hard eye of G.E.'s stern President Gerard Swope himself. A year later Bill Ruete died. Just before he passed away, he said: "You know, Charlie, that stickpin of mine has been the secret of your success. You worked your head off for it. So here it is." Charlie locked the pin up in a box and, with a

son, first in the unfamiliar world of sales, then back in the world of production, rode the rising comber of G.E. appliances.

He stayed in Bridgeport for 14 years—probably the happiest years of his life. In that time, things like washing machines, ironers, refrigerators (it was Wilson who took the cumbersome coils off the top of the G.E. refrigerator, streamlined it, and made the housewife covet it) became some of the mainstays of G.E. Charlie Wilson made them—made more of them faster and better. It was a production man's dream.

In 1937, he was ready for the next step. Tapped for command, he was moved to G.E.'s gold-domed building on Manhattan's Lexington Avenue. In 1939, Swope resigned; Charlie Wilson, his handicapped successor, became president of the G.E. colossus at \$175,000 a year.

Shop Man. His 40 years of scaling the heights had made few basic changes in him. He had learned endlessly. He had met and made his way among the mighty. He had forced himself to become a public speaker, a painful process in which he had tempered, though not dropped, his West Side accent (he sometimes produces an astonishing Harvard "a").

But he was still a "shop man" with a limitless interest in prowling through plants and greeting machinists by their first names. The boy from Hell's Kitchen had never found much time for social life; he and his wife seldom went out, seldom entertained. His work was still his life, and he drove other men to work simply by example—by his own almost fearless enthusiasm, energy and capacity for toil.

His one escape from the world of machines and production charts was still the religious faith his mother had first given him on Manhattan's rowdy West Side. It was something he never dramatized, but he had never lost a strong sense of duty to the church. He had become a Baptist in his teens, had taught a Sunday-school class of Chinese children. Later, at Bridgeport, he had organized and conducted a course for young men in comparative religions. Now, in suburban Scarsdale, he headed a drive to pay off the church mortgage.

Quick Change. Gerard Swope had centralized G.E. manufacturing. Charlie Wilson, certain that times were changing, set out to decentralize G.E.'s authority—and to make the planning, manufacture and sales of every product an integrated operation. World War II suddenly switched him from this huge job to a huger one—making G.E. into a war industry. And in the middle of that, Franklin Roosevelt asked him to come to Washington to work the bugs out of the W.P.B.

He had been there once before for two months as one of General Hugh Johnson's assistants on NRA. He hated Washington, hated its confusion, its backbiting, its hordes of jet-propelled reformers. But he dutifully gave up his G.E. job and went back, still hating it, took his punishment and his \$8,000-a-year Government salary, and did his damndest to break the nation's



The Bettmann Archive
GRAND OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE (MAY 24, 1883)
A wondrous miracle cast its shadow to Hell's Kitchen.

(and learned phonetics to compensate for his Hell's Kitchen English), night-school courses in accounting, engineering and mathematics. He studied physics. He was a shipping clerk at 15, plant accountant at 16, paymaster and purchasing agent at 18.

But if Bill Ruete steered him, Charlie Wilson proceeded under his own steam. He was not only ambitious and bursting with vitality, but a natural leader who could never bear to take second place. Recalled one of his associates with a wry grin last week: "He's a great team man—so long as he can be captain."

The Coal Pile. Young Charlie Wilson's successes did not all stem from brain work. The Sprague plant was a tough place—all arguments were settled with fists beside the basement coal pile, and the losers were provided with ice to reduce black eyes and swollen noses. Charlie not only battled by the coal pile; he fought off steam after his 59-hour week he fought in stags and smokers, where he could pick up an occasional \$5 purse.

At 21 he was making \$25 a week, was married, and had—with a sense of triumph

characteristic gesture, added a provision to his will, directing that the pin go to Bill Ruete's grandnephew.

The Springboard. Wilson had been moved to G.E.'s great plant at Bridgeport, Conn., a change which gave him the luxuries of which he had dreamed: a house with a lawn and trees, golf, a Peerless automobile "built like a locomotive." At Bridgeport, too, he landed on the springboard which was to propel him to the final dizzy pinnacle of the G.E. hierarchy. President Swope—in one of the sweeping changes of policy which have always been one of the keys to American productivity—decided to take the services of electricity to the people.

G.E.'s moneymaker was the heavy works at Schenectady; it turned out small appliances, often at a loss, only to increase the use of electricity and thus provide a demand for its great generators. But Swope sensed a new and enormous market—25 million people, he believed, were ready for mechanical servants which could be plugged into a light socket: coffee pots, irons, toasters, dishwashers, ranges, home freezers, alarm-clock radios. Charlie Wil-

production jam. He was under the authority of Donald Nelson, a man he came to dislike cordially, and with whom he violently disagreed, particularly about Nelson's plan for early reconversion. As one of the biggest of Big Businessmen, he was fair game for jealous New Dealers. But he discovered that he could operate in Washington. Painfully, almost unwillingly, he got a new education.

Part of his successes were simply due to his capacity for decision and his instinct for sweeping aside triviality. He refused to stoop to the Washington weapons of gossip and rumor. But when Columnist Drew Pearson wrote that he was eavesdropping on Navy Secretary James Forrestal with a special electronic device, he angrily threatened to sue—not Pearson, but each of his 500 newspapers—and forced Pearson to print a retraction which Wilson wrote himself.

Tropical Fungus. In Wilson's absence, G.E. had grown like a huge, tropical fungus. There had been 34 plants with 76,000 employees and 29 million square feet of space when he went to Washington. There were 69 plants with 170,000 workers and 41 million square feet of space when he got back. And six months later, G.E. began running the Hanford atomic plant. There was nothing he could do, in good conscience, about avoiding the atom project, although it bothered his religious scruples to associate so closely with a force akin to hellfire. But the sight of G.E., overgrown, overweight, and facing the disturbances of reconversion and a competitive market, stirred him to prodigious effort.

He set out to achieve his \$2 billion gross (as compared to \$412 million in 1940). He threw himself into the task with that all-but-appalling subjugation to business which is the hallmark of the big U.S. executive. His lunches were business lunches. His dinners were business dinners. His speeches were business speeches. Each & every postwar summer he made ten separate trips to a G.E. summer camp near the Thousand Islands to reach those of G.E.'s 6,000 executives who were brought there in batches; he had to make ten separate addresses.

This sort of thing was simply the lighter side of the job. He also made decisions, some of which—like his insistence on cutting the prices of G.E. products during 1949 because he felt the company had a moral obligation to help stem inflation—reverberated through U.S. industry.

His planning, effort and toil were not wasted. By the end of last year, he had achieved his goals.

The Answer. One Sunday morning last December, as Charlie Wilson was dressing to go to church—concentrating on getting his necktie tied the way Bill Ruete had taught him—the downstairs telephone rang in his eleven-room Scarsdale house. After a moment the Wilson maid announced, with some fluttering, that the President was calling.

Charlie picked up the phone—wondering, despite himself, if by any chance his

friend, neighbor and business compatriot, Sidney Weinberg, could be pulling his leg. But the voice on the phone was Harry Truman's. He wanted Wilson to come to Washington immediately.

Wilson hesitated. Then he told the President that he was just starting to church. Could the visit wait until the next day? It could. On Monday Harry Truman told the man from G.E. that the country needed him, "I want an answer," the President said. "I want it quick, and there is only one answer, and that is yes."

Wilson laid down his conditions—full authority, full responsibility. The next day the President told him they would be granted. Charlie Wilson said yes. Back in New York, he resigned from G.E. and



ARTHUR FLEMMING
He faced disgruntlement.

packed a bag. Within the week he was hard at work as a servant of the people.

Last week, after only a month and a half at his new job, Wilson had already drawn a sporadic fire of criticism. Old New Dealers, who remembered him from other days, whetted their knives, and whispered that the Administration had sold out to Big Business.

But few of his critics quarreled with the size of his talent—Jim Carey, chairman of the C.I.O. Electrical Workers, a man who disagreed violently with G.E. labor policies, was quick to say that Charlie Wilson belonged "on the first team."

One of thousands of delighted U.S. businessmen put it a different way: "We started winning the war the day Charlie Wilson went down to Washington again."

Slow Burn

Any old hand could have told Mike DiSalle that a newcomer to Washington should never turn his back until his sessions are nailed down. Mike turned away for only one day last week, to make a speech in his home town of Toledo,

When he got back, somebody had made off with a big chunk of his powers as boss of the Office of Price Stabilization.

As originally set up, DiSalle's OPS was supposed to lay down price controls and presumably enforce them. But ever since DiSalle's big price freeze, Attorney General Howard McGrath had been licking his chops over all those potential lawsuits. Suddenly, last week, the Administration trotted out a provision in the Defense Production Act which everybody seemed to have overlooked and gave the enforcement job to McGrath's Department of Justice. DiSalle's men could look for black marketeers and other violators, but when they found them they would have to turn them over to Justice (which still has on its calendar 2,000 unfinished OPA cases from World War II days).

Protest. Labor also got its feelings hurt last week in the grinding of mobilization gears. For weeks, big labor leaders had been pressing the President and Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson to place a big labor man up there among all the big businessmen in the mobilization high command. They got no satisfaction. Then they discovered that Wilson was fixing to take control of mobilization manpower away from labor's friend, Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin.

Again the labor leaders protested. Again they got no satisfaction—Mobilizer Wilson made Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, president of Ohio Wesleyan University, his new assistant, and gave him authority over all mobilization manpower problems. The job given to Flemming, who has served in several Government posts, including the Civil Service Commission, was one Secretary Tobin had proposed with himself in mind.

Salve. To soothe labor's slow burn, the mobilization high command quickly made a salving gesture. Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston appointed George M. Harrison, president of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, to be a special assistant, specializing in price and wage issues. It was a salve—but not enough to quiet union leaders' grumbles.

With wages frozen, prices rising and their demands for a voice in the mobilization high command unheeded, labor was in a disgruntled, resentful mood. Its discontent was not eased by the Wage Stabilization Board, whose nine members were still unable to agree on a formula for letting wages catch up with prices—and whose Board Chairman Cyrus Ching let it be known that as soon as the board does agree, he is going to quit and return to the more relaxing job of U.S. mediation chief. Probable successor: W. Willard Wirtz, Northwestern University labor law professor and acting executive director of the wage board.

Grumbled President Emil Rieve of the C.I.O. Textile Workers: "As far as the American people are concerned there is no stabilization program—except wage stabilization. Wages have been selected for control while other areas of the economy have sufficient freedom to go their merry way."

INTERNATIONAL

ARMAMENTS

Spotlight on Africa

The U.S. was moving swiftly last week to set up an air screen in a neglected sector: North Africa (*see map*). By agreement with France, the U.S. would put an estimated \$30 million and some 20,000 men into French Morocco. Six enlarged and reconstructed bases, plus one new field, to handle all types of U.S. fighting aircraft, would be ready by midsummer.

Another agreement with Britain, almost completed, provided for improvement and U.S. use of R.A.F. bases protecting Africa: Bengasi and Castel Benito in Libya; Habaniya and Shaibah in Iraq; airfields around the Suez Canal; Amman in Jordan; Cyprus and Malta in the Mediterranean. With the new bases, a U.S. plane taking off from Cyprus, for example, would have to fly only 1,500 miles to Moscow, 1,000 miles to Baku. The U.S. already held giant Wheelus Field near Tripoli (also being enlarged), and an airbase at Dhahran in Saudi Arabia.

The French agreement had been signed in December, kept secret by U.S. officials, but leaked to the press from a Paris official last week. No time was being lost. Bulldozers had already been unloaded in French Morocco, the first group of engineers was on the ground, ships laden with airfield equipment were en route. The seven Moroccan fields were at Port Lyautey, Marrakech, Casablanca, Meknes, Rabat, Kourigha, Nouasseur. The incoming Americans would find the flat, sparsely wooded terrain ideal for military aircraft bases, but would run into difficulties with the heat (120° in the summer shade) and the housing (very tight).

Moroccan shopkeepers began hoarding luxury goods and hiding their perfumes in happy anticipation of free-spending G.I.s. But there was a more realistic brand of rejoicing. Said a French official on the spot: "This proves that Morocco is considered a bastion of Europe."

CHANCELLERIES

His Majesty Protests

Britain recognized Red China more than a year ago. Red China has not yet recognized Britain.

Britain has opposed sanctions against Red China. Last week the House of Commons heard how Red China applies sanctions against Britain.

Conservative M.P. Fitzroy (*Escape to Adventure*) MacLean asked the government about the "closing" of His Majesty's consulate at Tihwa, capital of Sinkiang, where China's far west meets Russia and India. Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs Ernest Davies read from a report from H.M.'s consul general at Tihwa, George Fox Holmes:

"Search of all personnel and premises [at Tihwa consulate] took place on 4th and 5th December, 1950 . . ."

"Thirty armed [Red Chinese police] took over, first searching both men and women after the removal of their outer clothing, then each room separately. This process lasted for 37 hours without let-up, interspersed with interrogation, false accusations, and constant surveillance even to the extent of ladies being accompanied into bathrooms. Speech with one another was forbidden."

"Just before midnight on 5th-6th December the police departed, after obtaining . . . signatures to the effect that . . . we had been courteously treated throughout . . . Guards were left in the house and all consular personnel placed under house arrest."

"On 8th and 11th December, I was interrogated at length on . . . Foreign Office . . . telegrams to me; source of financial supplies; reason for maintaining the attitude that I had the right to protect American property . . . I was only allowed to return to the consulate after I claimed exhaustion had brought on a heart attack—my pulse being 140 per minute.

"On 27th December I was called to the

Central Police Office where [an] expulsion order was read to me only once in the following terms: [I was] guilty of espionage crimes against the Chinese and Russian people . . . I, together with my family and staff, must leave China within five days. Only sufficient luggage for our immediate personal needs might be carried . . .

"We arrived in Peking on 30th December . . . After five hours' delay, without food for a whole day, [we were] taken to a filthy Chinese hotel for the night. At no time were we allowed to get in touch with [H.M.'s chargé d'affaires at Peking]. On 31st December, we went by train to Tientsin under escort, were placed in the Rich hotel and not allowed to leave the bedrooms or talk with anyone . . . We were then put on board the S.S. *Heinrich Jessen* for Hong Kong."

Explained Minister Davies to M.P. MacLean: "Alleged charges of espionage . . . were quite incorrect and unjustified, and we are protesting to Peking against the expulsion."

UNITED NATIONS

The Abstainer

Up for a vote in the U.N. Political Committee last week came two Russian resolutions aimed at the U.S. One accused the U.S. of "invading" Formosa. The other demanded condemnation of the U.S. for "bombing" Manchuria. Both were rejected overwhelmingly. Only the five Soviet bloc members voted for them.

Burma and Indonesia abstained from voting on the Formosa invasion resolution. Afghanistan followed suit on the Manchurian bombing charge. Only one other nation abstained. On both Russian complaints, Yugoslavia declined to stand up and be counted. It had also abstained earlier this month on the vote branding Red China for aggression in Korea.

Tito's Yugoslavia is a likely target for Russian-inspired aggression in southeastern Europe.



TIME Map by R.M. Chapin, Jr.

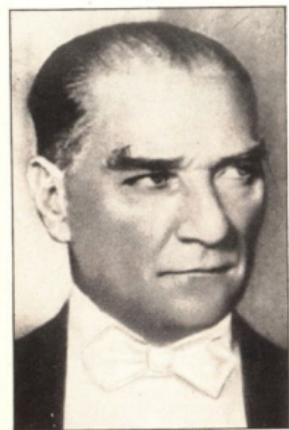
FOREIGN NEWS

TURKEY

Thanks to Aid & Allah

Since last May when the Democrats (led by Celâl Bayar) upset the old Republican People's Party (TIME, May 22), strange things have happened to the Turks. This week U.S. Air Secretary Thomas K. Finletter and aides dropped in for a quick look. He would find a country of energy and action, of democratic ferment and confusion.

Peasants, who never before dreamed of going over the head of the village head-



G. P. A. Limited

KEMAL ATATÜRK
Still stands the hero.

man, now stomp into governors' offices with complaints, happily buttonhole parliamentary deputies on the street.

Ankara has become a spectacular mud-slinger's paradise. Competing in strong invective, Democrats charge Republicans were corrupt, and Republicans torment Democrats for unfulfilled election promises. The partisan press, now free as the wind off the Taurus mountains, got so abusive toward ex-President İsmet İnönü that he refused to go to a diplomatic party given by President Bayar last month.

Last week a heckler made trouble for Prime Minister Adnan Menderes, who was addressing a Democratic Party congress. The heckler was finally ejected, but instead of being hustled to the nearest jail (as he would have been a year ago), he was set free to go about his dissenting.

New Freedom. The Turks are enjoying every minute of the new freedom. The government is riding a wave of popularity.

The popularity of the young (five years old) Democratic Party is all the more impressive because it succeeded the party founded by the late great Kemal Ataturk, and Ataturk is still the beloved hero

of all the Turks. Yet the Democrats are undoing some excesses of Ataturk's nationalist, Westernizing revolution. The new government, for instance, recognized the deep wellspring of Mohammedan faith among the people, and has encouraged religious teachings in schools. Ataturk's old party goes along with the Moslem revival in Turkish life. Indeed, its dynamic young secretary general, Kasim Gülek, declares that his party wants bipartisan participation not only in foreign affairs, but in religion as well.

The new government plugs for turning state-owned factories over to private industry and relaxing government control of trade. When Ataturk came to power, there was so little industry, so little private capital to foster it, that state business was a necessity. The Democrats hope that under present conditions the scope of private enterprise in Turkey can be enlarged.

New Wealth. Turkey's economy is advancing, albeit slowly. The lira stood at 4.5 to the dollar (free market) a year ago, is now 3.5. Foreign capital, long almost pathologically feared, is now free to enter. A new hydroelectric plant, which will increase electrical power by 50%, has been started with ECAid.

Better roads link farms to markets. A quarter of a million acres of land has been distributed to landless peasants, and farm credits are being increased. The southern cotton belt is now mechanized. An ECA agricultural mission has introduced better seed grains, better breeding stock, better farming methods. Turkish farmers eagerly accept the new techniques. Last week Ali Kumyoğlu, 42, a heavy-set farmer from Çorlu in Thrace, proudly displayed his John Deere tractor, said it enabled him to double his wheat and barley production. "For the first time since my marriage, I can afford to keep my wife out of the fields," he said. "I never knew she could cook so well. My kids can continue their studies. All this, thanks to Marshall aid. Thanks be to Allah!"

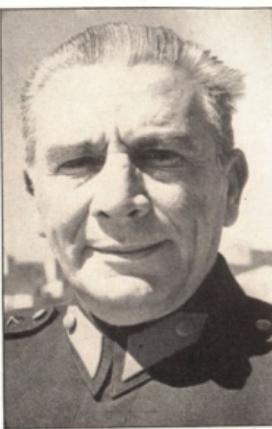
New Faces. When President Bayar's government came to office, it swept out many of Turkey's most experienced public servants, replacing them with good, but inexperienced Democrats.

Among the new faces is that of General Yamut, who was upped from command of the Turkish land forces when a bevy of high-ranking generals was retired or removed for being overage, overweight or overzealous in their support of Republican İnönü. At 61, Nuri Yamut is a leathery, thin-mouthed veteran who gets along well with top U.S. military aid officers, is thoroughly sold on modern techniques.

At maneuvers near Istanbul, Yamut asked American advisers to show his officers what jeeps, trucks and tanks could do in the rough terrain. He followed the lead jeep as it bounced and slushed through brush, forests and mud hills. Not satisfied to allow his general officers to stand around observing, he herded them into

other jeeps or tanks and sent them careering in the dust and mud until they were so dirty the red stripes on their uniform trousers were hardly visible. Next day he sent the shocked generals slithering through sandy terrain in the same jeeps. A few vehicles turned over, but Yamut was satisfied that U.S. equipment was not necessarily road bound.

Now the Moskofs Know. The Turks are solidly behind the government's decision to join U.N. forces in Korea. İnönü's party did not oppose so popular a move, but was considerably piqued at not being



CHIEF OF STAFF YAMUT
Slithering went the generals.

Acme

consulted, so as to gain some of the credit. It declared that had it been running the government, it would have got some concessions from the U.S. before committing troops. Prime Minister Menderes loftily said that he would not quibble with the U.S. and the U.N. on so critical a matter. "I'd decide the same way a thousand times," he snapped. A great wave of national pride has followed the waves of fierce Turkish troops who, with bayonets bared, have performed so gallantly and colorfully in Korea.

Having fought the Russians (whom they call the *moskofs*) 13 times in the past 400 years and with a half-million men now under arms, the Turks are undismayed at their exposed position on Soviet Russia's southern flank. They are glad the world is beginning to realize that they have not lost their ancient talent for fighting. The news of spectacular Turkish feats in Korea did not amaze Tahir Atar, a villager from Mengen in central Anatolia. Said he last week: "We knew what our kids could accomplish, but our friends, the Americans, didn't. Now they know—and so do the *moskofs*."

GREAT BRITAIN

Legal Cads Are Out

In an age of chivalry, England's tournament-loving, debt-ridden King Edward III (1312-77) took a poor view of unregulated trade. To punish merchants who went on selling their wares after a fair had officially closed, Edward's Parliament passed a law under which anyone who successfully sued a black-marketeer could collect part of the culprit's fine.

Down the centuries 42 additional acts under which private persons might bring an action and collect the fine money were passed. People who went in for this were officially called common informers.⁸ Although branded "viperous vermin" by James I's Lord Chief Justice Sir Edward Coke, and dubbed "that legal cad" by *Punch*, the common informer prospered. His most fruitful law: the Sunday Observation Act of 1780. Actions against the promoters of Sunday wrestling matches have produced fines as high as \$4,000. A woman collected \$14,000 after suing the owners of a movie theater which put on a Sunday program.

Most celebrated of contemporary informers is Alfred William Green, who changed his name to Anthony Houghton le Touzel. He has brought more than 200 actions, fought tooth & nail to win his suits, in one case pitting himself against 14 defense lawyers. Le Touzel, who became feared by every promoter of Sunday entertainment in Britain, has admitted that he does not care what people do on Sunday, is a common informer for revenue only.

Last week, the House of Commons, without a dissenting voice, approved second reading of a bill to abolish the common informer. Said M.P. Major Edward Legge-Bourke: "In these times, when, under certain regimes in other countries, neighbors inform on neighbors—in fact it is almost their duty to do so—this bill is a sign of the fact that we detest all that form of sneaking."

Said Le Touzel: "I'm finished."

Plenty of Sleeping Pills

Captain Harry Crookshank, Tory M.P. for Gainsborough, rose last week in the House of Commons and described the condition of Britain. Said he: "There is muddle in defense, muddle in groundnuts, muddle in newsprint, muddle in coal, muddle in housing, and now the greatest muddle of all—meat. 'Muddle, muddle, toil and muddle' is [the government's] motto. The trouble is that these witches somewhere on the Whitehall heath cannot go on to say, 'Fire burn and cauldron bubble,' because there is a fuel muddle as well."

Some of Britain's sorry state was not the government's fault, and some was. That it was a sorry state, none could deny.

* In the U.S., anti-smuggling laws and several other statutes provide for payment to informers. This, however, is very different from the British law under which the informer himself brings suit, even in cases where the police do not act.

Electricity and gas were cut, advertising lights were out, hundreds of passenger trains were suspended, 20,000 dockers at three ports were on strike, 8,000 people had died since Jan. 1 from an influenza epidemic, and the King, his wartime savings exhausted, had to ask the government to take over £40,000 of his expenses.

Muddle in Defense. On the face of the record, Prime Minister Attlee's government is moving vigorously on the rearmament front. Tory critics, however, insist that the defense reality is not as good as the appearance. Last week they criticized as inadequate a government plan to call up reservists for 15-day refresher courses.

Under the surface lay a deep split in the Labor Party on the rearmament issue. A



The Bettmann Archive
KING EDWARD III
Sneaking is now detested.

few of its members were pro-Communist, more were anti-American, and still more were bemused by the pacifism which had a long-time influence on British Christian Socialism. Last week 19 Labor M.P.s signed motions calling for reconsideration of plans to arm Germany and for a world peace drive by Britain.

The Labor Party split was symbolized by the fact that Harold Lawrence, running for the House of Commons in a by-election at Bristol, is an all-out, no-arms, no-armistice pacifist and the official candidate of the Labor Party, which is committed to rearmament. Attlee refused to send Lawrence the usual letter of endorsement, but his approval by the party executive committee was not revoked.

This week Attlee may face a vote on the defense issue which he might not be able to win with Labor votes alone. However, the Tories can scarcely vote against him on this point.

Muddle in Newsprint. Because of inept bulk-buying in international markets, Britain's newsprint stocks have fallen beneath the wartime low. The government did not allocate dollars for Canadian news-

print until Canada, after being rebuffed by Britain in favor of Scandinavian countries, had sold its stocks elsewhere. Last week British newspapers were ordered to cut newsprint consumption 5%, reducing six-page papers to four pages once a week. A later order cut magazine supplies 20%. Raged the *Daily Express*: "The British people have become the worst informed in the world . . . The government has disrupted, disorganized and almost destroyed the news services of the country."

Muddle in Steel. The government's determination to push through steel nationalization at all costs enraged the Tories. Winston Churchill made a last desperate attempt to halt the Feb. 15 takeover of iron and steel plants. He moved: "That this House, in view of the record production attained by the iron and steel industry and the urgent needs of the rearmament program, is of the opinion that . . . nationalization . . . is not in the public interest and should be reversed." Churchill called steel nationalization "a deed of partisan aggression . . . unpatriotic." A general election "cannot be long delayed, however tightly and even passionately ministers may cling to their offices."

Prime Minister Attlee, confident of labor unity on this issue, slumped like a doodling dormouse in his seat. He put in a junior minister to wind up the debate for the government. The Tory motion was defeated, 308 to 298.

Muddle in Meat. Attlee was not so confident of his majority the following night when the Tories drove home their attack on the meat shortage. The Laborites squirmed, because their unity on this point was false and their consciences were burning. The day before, in a caucus of the Parliamentary Labor Party, they had turned on Food Minister Maurice Webb and berated him for incompetence. What were they to tell their meat-hungry constituents, they asked the luckless Webb.

The meeting became so explosive that Attlee stepped to Webb's defense, bringing with him the bogeyman that keeps all Laborites awake—the ghost of Ramsay Macdonald. Would Labor split on meat, and go down to defeat as Macdonald's divided party had in 1931? The caucus was stilled into grumbling acquiescence.

In that mood they heard Crookshank, who is chairman of the Tory Party food committee, tear into them. He pointed out that in 1938 inmates of workhouses got three times as much meat as the maximum ration today. Laborites writhed as he ticked off some of the sources from which Britain's meat now comes: "Cargoes of goats arriving at Hull . . . reindeer meat from Lapland . . ." The Tory benches roared when he exposed "a considerable [government] export scheme of English meat to the U.S., Canada and—the Argentine!" Cried Crookshank: "In a world under Socialist administration, the U.S. sends coal to Newcastle and Britain sends meat to the Argentine."

R. A. Butler wound up the debate for the Tories. He said that the Labor ministers were "clinging . . . like huddled and bedraggled limpets to every rock, exposed

STRANGE DAYS IN BRITAIN



Graphic Photo Union

REINDEER MEAT from Lapland may ease Britain's beef shortage. A jesting cameraman had this London Zoo reindeer and keeper digest the shocking news.



Larry Burrows

ANGRY BUTCHER Mary D'Oyly marched in protest to Westminster with a cut of bad mutton.



Vicky—*News Chronicle*

"NO GOOD tempting him, he's turned vegetarian," quips Vicky's cartoon at the Socialist boycott of Argentine beef.



International

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LION at London Zoo is envious of all. He still gets 10 lbs. of horsemeat daily; Britons get a chop a week.



Vicky—*News Chronicle*

BEEFIER DAYS are recalled by this comment on the present. The cartoonist goes back to Battle of Agincourt (1415) and Shakespeare's King Henry V: "And then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils."

to every wind and gale that blows . . . Finally, they will be swept away by one of the most human of all elemental forces—the desire to eat and the desire to live."

Nevertheless, every single Laborite presented trooped into the division lobby, and the Tory motion was beaten, 306 to 298.

Heroine in Teddington. The vote did not still the clamorous disgust of the country. Even what little meat was available caused trouble. Miss Mary Olive D'Oyly, for 14 years a butcher in working-class Teddington, 93 miles from London, hustled angrily to Westminster with 32 housewife customers to see her M.P. On a previous visit she had taken a leg of ewe mutton. It was so fat, she complained, that nobody would buy it.

The Master of the Worshipful Com-

great, Attlee could always jettison Webb and agree to the Argentine meat price. Socialism was an admirable instrument for rationing discomfort and deadening pain.

Said a British doctor last week: "The strain of living conditions is making people take sleeping tablets like a second vegetable."

And, after all, sleeping tablets were free under the National Health Service.

THE PHILIPPINES

Plain Talk

Dorothy Frank Cowen, wife of U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines Myron Cowen, is a statuesque, energetic woman who won't tell her age. In her youth she studied music and dancing in France, later

what he owes—and a better way of life. Is it any wonder that people who are without hope listen to the sound of these Pied Pipers . . . ?

"Nations do not die by wealth, but by injustice. Progress stops when a single class appropriates the result of the common labor, strengthens its rights by unfair laws, throttles the masses by suppression, and consumes in luxury what it has taken in greed"

It was a bold shock to hear the wife of the U.S. Ambassador say publicly what many Filipinos were thinking about the critical condition of their country. Lamented the pro-government *Philippines Herald*: "It should rather be a Filipino leader of discernment and high statesmanship who should be talking to his people with the same pith and accent." Snapped the Manila *Chronicle*: "Without mincing any words, she told her listeners . . . what was wrong with them"

JAPAN

Firm Foundation

John Foster Dulles left Tokyo this week after laying a firm foundation for a Japanese peace treaty. In companion statements, Dulles and Premier Shigeru Yoshida declared Japan's political and military alignment with the U.S.

Dulles said: "We foresee a peace treaty which would in simple terms formally end the war, restore full sovereignty to Japan, define the geographical area of that sovereignty, look forward to Japan's future membership in the United Nations, recognize Japan's inherent right of individual and collective self-defense"

Yoshida answered: "We have the definite and heartwarming assurance of American determination . . . to give Japan a just and equitable peace."

Dulles invited the Japanese to consider "the maintenance of United States armed forces in and about Japan" after the treaty, until the Japanese could undertake their own defense. Said Yoshida: "The government and majority of the Japanese people welcome the invitation heartily and with joy."

Dulles warned the Japanese that they would be expected to provide a considerable part of their own protection. Yoshida replied: "We realize fully our responsibility to protect ourselves and to defend our land"

Dulles then flew from Tokyo to Manila to begin a series of talks with the Philippine, Australian and New Zealand governments, who are worried over Japanese rearmament. In Manila, he assured Filipinos that a treaty would leave Japan "a bulwark against the new tide of despotism which threatens the Asia mainland."

Communist Collapse

In 1949 the Japanese Communist Party was at its peak: 200,000 claimed members, working control of Japanese unions, 3,000,000 votes in the Diet elections.

Then the Red organizers overreached themselves. A wave of Communist tax



Jack Birns—LIFE

MYRON & DOROTHY COWEN & DAUGHTER
Dorothy: "Nations do not die by wealth, but by injustice."

pany of Butchers applauded Miss D'Oyly: "Your courage is a lesson to us men . . ." Added the British Housewives' League: "How brave of you to take that dreadful ewe meat to the House of Commons!"

Cartoonist Vicky last week recalled Shakespeare's description in *King Henry V* of the night before the battle of Agincourt, as Frenchmen stood around camp fires discussing the prowess that their English foes drew from a beef diet (see cartoon). Vicky did not think it necessary to remind Britons of the Duke of Orleans' comment: "Ay, but these English are shrewdly* out of beef."

So Britain, angry and unbowed, lurched along through the Great Muddle. The nation had survived far greater crises. The unique feature of this one was that it seemed to have no focus, no great principle at stake, no end. If the clamor got too

worked in the children's ward of Bellevue Hospital, served with anti-isolationist groups before Pearl Harbor. In Manila, Mrs. Cowen's relations with socially prominent Filipino women have not always been marked by intense cordiality. Last week she went to a luncheon of 200 Manila clubwomen to talk about the opening of a new charity playground. After congratulating her audience on their good works, she delivered a blistering attack on the irresponsibility of wealthy Filipinos. She said:

"[The playground] is only a tiny drop in the bucket of things that are needed by so many people . . . throughout the Philippines. And it is need . . . that is causing discontent within these islands and providing a fertile breeding ground for Communist agitators. For what does Communism promise a hungry, landless, debt-ridden, discontented person? Why, a full stomach, some hectares of land, cancellation of

* I.e., pointedly, markedly.

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finer in every aspect of its performance — smoother, quieter, longer-lived. There is even greater comfort — even finer handling ease — even more pronounced safety. . . . Perhaps the best way to express it is to say that the whole car goes a big step closer to perfection — and raises the world's standard from every standpoint. . . . It's on display today at your dealer's. Better see it — better try it — better buy it!

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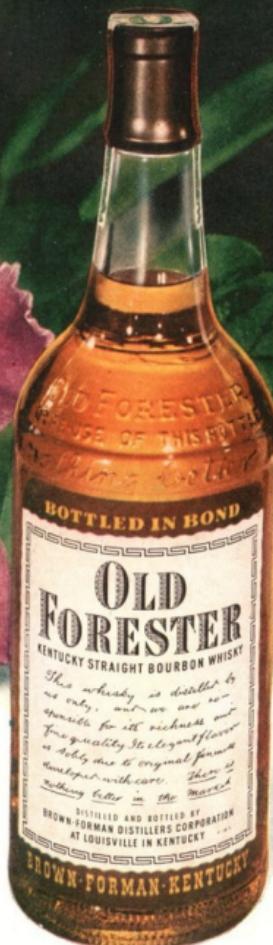


* Orchid developed and grown
by H. Patterson and Sons,
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riots and wildcat strikes shocked Japan. Communists were suspected of murdering Railways President Sadanori Shimoyma. As U.S.-sponsored economic policies gradually brought prices down, unionists began to distrust Red propaganda.

The worst blow to Japanese Communists came from within, when the Cominform publicly blasted Party Strategist Sanzo Nozaka, a Popular Front advocate, for not using more "revolutionary" methods. Japanese Politburo Member Yoshiro Shiga accused Nozaka of "Titoism," caused a still unhealed intraparty schism.

Last June General MacArthur ordered Nozaka, Shiga and 22 other Red leaders expelled from political life. They went underground. Leaderless, the party rank & file began to drift away.

At present only 70,000 avowed party members are left. The strength of the Red-dominated C.I.U. dwindled from 1,000,000 to less than 150,000. Most Japanese unionists now belong to the anti-Communist Labor Council.

The loyalty of Japanese labor during the Korean war showed how low Communist prestige has sunk. Unlike their French and Italian comrades, Japanese Reds were unable to engineer anti-armament strikes, work stoppages or sabotage. Japanese railroads carry record-breaking loads for the Korea war, Japanese factories produce such items as napalm tanks for U.N. forces in Korea.

Some 1,000,000 Japanese remain Communist sympathizers. Last week, when Japanese police raided 424 distribution points for illegal Red newspapers, they closed down the last means of open contact between these pro-Communists and Japan's fugitive Communist leaders.

EGYPT

By the Grace of God

King Farouk, so the story went more than a year ago, saw a lovely girl shopping with her beau in Cairo for an engagement ring. Egypt's fat monarch, who had divorced Queen Farida, decided then & there that Narriman Sadek, the 16-year-old daughter of a civil servant, must be his next wife. Narriman's beau, Zaki Hachem, 27, Harvard-trained and a U.N. official, was swept out of his sweetheart's life. "A bad dream," he muttered. "I did not think such things could happen in the 20th Century." Then he lapsed into silence. No one heard how Narriman felt. Last summer she was reported shopping in Europe for a royal trousseau.

Last week Cairo broke its tight censorship over Farouk's highhanded love match. At Abdin Palace, the Royal Press Counselor Karem Sabet Pasha announced:

"Rendering praise to God, His Majesty's Cabinet is happy to announce to the noble Egyptian people the good news of the betrothal of their King, who has given them his heart and his love."

"On this blessed day [Feb. 11], when the country celebrates with gladness and joy the glorious anniversary of the royal birth, there took place by the grace of God

the betrothal of our well-beloved Sovereign with the descendant of an illustrious and noble family, Miss Narriman Hanem, daughter of the late Hussein Fahmy Sadek Bey.

"In announcing the news of this happy betrothal of the great Farouk, [His Majesty's] Cabinet thanks Divine Providence for its beneficence, and prays that it may surround His Majesty with its high solicitude, secure his happiness and felicity, and make of this blessed betrothal a source of



ASSOCIATED PRESS
FAROUK'S NARRIMAN
"A virtuous girl."

happy omen for beloved Egypt and for the August royal family."

Prime Minister Mustapha Nahas Pasha's engagement announcement was even more heavily embossed. Over the radio, he said:

"On this blessed day, on which you are riveted in ardor in celebrating the birthday of the King of the Beloved Valley of the Nile, there has been celebrated, in the Grace and under the protection of God, the engagement of His Majesty, King Farouk I, and an exquisite flower of Egyptian society, descendant of an illustrious and glorious family, Mlle. Narriman Sadek."

Cairo's *Al Misri* carried the note of adulation to an even higher pitch: "When the King decided to marry, he chose for a life partner a virtuous girl from the ranks of the people, thus proving by noble example that he is a democratic King, of the people and for the people."

GOLD COAST

Election—and Jubilee

The white king across the seas had granted his 4,500,000 black subjects a new constitution. For the first time in the long history of British rule over West Africa's Gold Coast,⁶ there would be general elections. Black voters would choose 38 members of an 84-seat parliament; the other 46 would be appointed by chiefs' councils and business groups; over all would be an executive council and British governor.

So it was decreed last year. But Gold Coast natives are mostly illiterate. First, there had to be an educational campaign.

Last December the colonial government sent out mobile vans with lecturers aboard equipped with loudspeakers, movie films, picture books, boogie-woogie records. From Accra, the capital, they beat through the bush for six weeks, covering 22,000 miles and 1,300 settlements. Usually the lecturers were welcomed with calabashes of palm wine, especially when word got around that they could forecast wedding dates for the girls. Here & there villagers greeted them with stones, for a rumor had also got around that the vans were after taxes or conscripts for war.

When the electoral system had been explained and 663,000 voters registered, a lively political campaign began. One hundred candidates ran for the 38 parliamentary seats. By election day last week, native excitement stood at a jubilee pitch.

One woman cast her vote, then burst into a tribal song & dance. Politicians could not come closer than 200 yards from the ballot boxes; at that distance they set up palm-leaf booths with a carnival air.

A chanting, jiggling crowd gathered before Accra's town hall as the returns came in. Thirty-one of the 38 elective seats went to the Convention People's Party, an anti-imperialist group which preaches self-government. The loudest shout arose over the victory of the C.P.P. leader Kwame Nkrumah, 41, a firebrand orator who had attended Lincoln University in Pennsylvania. (A.B., 1939; Bachelor of Sacred Theology, 1942; M.A. 1942, University of Pennsylvania.) Nkrumah was not among the crowd; a year ago he had been clapped into Cell No. 9 in Accra prison (two-year term) for sedition and inciting workers to strike. At the time of his arrest, a blank Communist Party card and a paper calling for a West African soviet socialist republic were found in Nkrumah's belongings. Observers of the Gold Coast political scene said, however, that Nkrumah was "a mere student of Communism," rather than a party member.

This week, "as an act of grace on the inauguration of the new constitution," the Gold Coast governor ordered Nkrumah's release from jail.

* In the 17th Century English traders built a fort on the Gold Coast, competed fiercely with Dutch, Danes and Portuguese for slaves and gold. Early in the 19th Century the slave traffic was abolished. Today, in a jungle domain almost as large as Oregon, the leading enterprises are cocoa production, gold and manganese mining.

WAR IN

Up to the Han

As the U.N. forces below Seoul closed in on the Han River, Communist anti-tank guns firing from a hill briefly stalled the advance. A company of G.I.s, led by Captain Lewis Millett of South Dartmouth, Mass., charged the crest with fixed bayonets, spitted 47 Chinese, shot down 50 more as they ran down the north slope. The advance continued.

Allied fire from tanks and artillery reached such a furious volume that some Chinese who surrendered had blood streaming from nose and ears because of concussion. On Hill 431, which had changed hands five times in battles between Turks and Reds, the Chinese finally put up the white flags of surrender.

Loss of Hill 431 seemed to make the enemy's position south of the river untenable. Into Yongdungpo, Seoul's industrial suburb where U.S. marines had such a rough time last September, the dough-footed now walked without opposition. The town was silent and empty. After a while an old man and some boys appeared, clapped their hands, cried: "O.K.! O.K.!" On stone walls, there were Communist signs: "Mansci, People's Army! Mansci, Kim Il Sung!"

At a road crossing where one road branched off toward Seoul, a fur-hatted old man stood alone. The Communists had gone that way the night before, he said, pointing toward Seoul. Behind him, the street was deserted except for a few twittering women stealing rice from a mud hut.

General Ridgway quickly brought up four divisions to the Han, while a few North Korean rearguards scrambled across the thawing and treacherous ice. While British tanks dueled across the river with Communist self-propelled guns (and with one captured British tank fired by the Reds from a tunnel), two armored U.S. task forces sped northwest and west to take Kimpo Airfield, Korea's biggest, and Inchon, Seoul's port, without a fight. Both were almost total ruins.

Soul, it seemed, was not to be yielded easily. Two South Korean patrols that crossed the river to reconnoiter were driven back by salvos of mortar and artillery fire. Associated Press Correspondent Stan Swinton, who flew over Seoul in a spotter plane, reported the capital a "hornet's nest" of entrenchments, gun positions and Red defenders.

"Choso! Choso!"

On the central front above Hoengsong last week, U.S. commanders were using R.O.K. troops in a new way. The South Koreans were ahead of the main allied line, which had closed ranks behind them. If the South Koreans succeeded in wiping up the North Korean outposts in the formidable, snow-veined mountains, the U.N. line could be hauled up on their heels. If they were counterattacked and broken up under pressure—as they have been in the



GREEK SOLDIERS in Korea, who have seen hard fighting in recent weeks, forget the campaign for a moment and wait with hungry grins of anticipation for roast pig. Acme

BATTLE OF KOREA

Red Strike

This week the Communists, who had been giving ground before Seoul and shifting strength to the east, launched a vicious 60,000-man assault on a 30-mile front in the central mountains of Korea. Outnumbered South Koreans, who were out in front with a U.S. division hacking them up (see below), promptly collapsed. The Communists—Chinese and North Koreans—drove an eight-mile wedge in the allied line.

Some observers had the same shivery feeling that accompanied the Chinese breakthrough of last November and the wholesale U.N. retreat that followed. But the situation this time was quite different. Largely as a result of General Ridgway's morale-boosting, the Eighth Army was no

longer suffering from "bug-out fever" (an overquick tendency to retreat in case of trouble). Instead of being strong out in vulnerable "pursuit formation," Ridgway had been advancing carefully, compactly, on constant guard against surprise attacks and flank threats. Moreover, when they struck in November, the Chinese were fresh, confident, unhurt. Now they had been weakened by allied air attacks and ground action, and by cold, hunger and disease. Estimates of enemy battle casualties since Jan. 25 soared last week beyond \$0,000.

If the Chinese followed up their central-front counterattack this week with power and determination, they might force a temporary U.N. withdrawal. But if and when their assault was contained, they would find themselves worse off than before.



SURPLUS BEARCATS of the U.S. Navy, shipped to Indo-China as part of U.S. aid to the French forces, are towed through the streets of Saigon to encourage the people. Associated Press

ASIA

past—they could fall back without leaving a hole or exposing a flank. To help and encourage them, they had more U.S. tanks, artillery and air support than ever before.

The ROKs, whose morale has vastly improved in recent weeks, moved doggedly forward, followed by supply trucks carrying rice bags, stoves, bicycles, furniture, 1,000 other gypsyslike belongings. On the second day of their advance, they were stalled at the foot of a craggy hill by concentrated North Korean small-arms fire. After artillery and F-80 jets dropping napalm had driven the enemy off, the ROKs, yelling "Choso! Choso!" (Good! Good!) went in and seized the hill.

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Rabbit Stew

In Indo-China (and China), Feb. 6 was the *Tet*, first day of the Year of the Rabbit, a time for celebration. For months past, Ho Chi Minh's radio has been saying that the Communists would celebrate *Tet* by marching into Hanoi.

Last week, on New Year's Eve, French General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, no rabbit, took up Ho's challenge, plainly showed Hanoi's revelers his intention of defending them against Ho's Communists. For four hours, squadrons of French-manned Sherman tanks, each followed by 10 to 15 truckloads of combat infantrymen, paraded through Hanoi, criss-crossing through the streets into every quarter of the city to magnify the appearance of strength. In Saigon, De Lattre ordered 44 U.S. Bearcat fighters, unloaded from the escort carrier *Windham Bay*, to be towed through the streets in full view of the Indo-Chinese public (*see cut*).

The reality, as well as the appearance, protected Hanoi from Ho. Overhead, French-piloted U.S. B-26s roared into action for the first time in Indo-China, bombing Communist troops and supply dumps. Next day, Communists attacking the French perimeter were "everywhere repulsed."

Reds Terrorized

The northwest corner of Indo-China is a wild, mountainous region, seemingly perfect for Communist guerrilla tactics. The people who cultivate the valleys are Thais;²⁰ in the mountains live Muongs. Both belong to the Thai Federation, part of Bao Dai's Viet Nam state. Last December, while the French were fighting desperately to hold the port of Hanoi, Communist forces drove into the Thai and Muong country, pushed the French frontier guards back 100 miles to the outpost town of Lai Chau. The Communists then set about winning over Thais and Muongs.

In Lai Chau, the president of the Thai Federation (Deo Van Lang) and the French regional counselor (Ter-Sarkisoff)



KOREAN CATHOLICS, members of a choral society that fled from Seoul, kneel in snow against a background of bleak trees near Taegu, pray for success of U.N. arms. Department of Defense—International Press

planned to beat the Communists at their own guerrilla game. A month's journey by land from Hanoi, they could not expect reinforcements. To the beleaguered French, a French plane dropped 1) three ammunition canisters filled with money, and 2) a case of champagne.

The Communists also had money: brand-new piasters, off a printing press in one of the towns they had captured. Neither the Thais nor the Muongs are a highly developed people—but they know good money from bad. They called the Red piasters "monkey money." Discontent broke out among the Thais and Muongs, and Ter-Sarkisoff's undercover agents made the most of it.

The Communists issued an ultimatum to village elders: cooperate by Jan. 27, or have your property confiscated. Thais and Muongs began taking refuge behind the

French lines. The French recruited them at 350 (good) piasters a month, armed them with rifles, mortars. Soon the French had a barefooted, beret-wearing, mobile mountain force of several thousand men.

Six weeks ago Thai and Muong soldiers, led by the French, infiltrated the Communist-held territory. They hid themselves in the mountains until Jan. 27, when they descended on the Communists in a succession of hit & run raids and ambuscades. After six days, the terrorized Reds pulled out. Deo Van Lang sent his local chieftains back to take over the region.

In Lai Chau last week, Regional Counselor Ter-Sarkisoff broke open the case of champagne, split a warm bottle with a TIME correspondent. Looking out upon the peaceful, beautiful country of the Thais and the Muongs, Counselor Sarkisoff said: "It's really beautiful, eh?"



CHINESE COMMUNISTS, captured on the western front below Seoul, kneel in mud of rice paddy and beg for mercy. They had been told they would be shot if captured. Associated Press

* Most Thais live in northern Siam (or Thailand), some in Indo-China, some in eastern Burma.



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THE AMERICAS

The Frankness of Friends

This week Edward Miller, the U.S.'s fast-stepping Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, is off on another quick swing around his circuit. In a 20-day South American tour, he will pay an official visit to Brazil's new Foreign Minister João Neves da Fontoura, represent the U.S. at the inauguration of Uruguay's President Andrés Martínez Trueba, attend the Pan American Olympic games at Buenos Aires, address the U.N. Economic and Social conferences at Santiago, and pay a courtesy call in Lima.

Reciprocal Cooperation. Miller has always been at his best on such field trips, speaking fluent, straight-from-the-shoulder Spanish and handling himself with tact and wit. This time, with the 21 hemispheric foreign ministers due to gather in Washington next month, *latino* leaders could expect more straightforward talk from the U.S. Government's top Latin American policymaker.

In Brazil, where the Dutra administration's attitude toward the U.S. sometimes seemed poisoned by a sort of grandiose inferiority complex, Miller will find a different and in some respects greatly improved situation. President Getúlio Vargas has announced that he wants to cooperate with the U.S. on a reciprocal basis. In particular, he wants industrialization loans. Miller, who knows as well as Vargas that Brazil can absorb far more in development loans than the \$175 million the U.S. has allotted in the last two years, will take along Francis Adams Truslow, retiring head of the New York Curb Exchange (see BUSINESS). Truslow's assignment: to provide expert financial advice and get the Point Four ball rolling in Brazil. Though Miller is sure to hear Brazilian gripes against U.S. price lids on coffee, Getúlio Vargas is one statesman shrewd enough to grasp the equality-of-sacrifice idea that the U.S. hopes to get over to its Latin American neighbors.

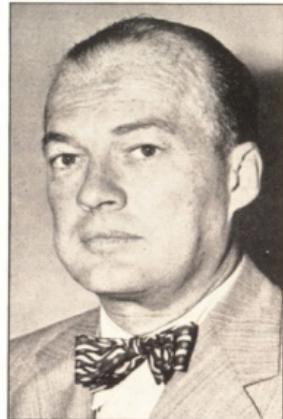
Profitable Neutrality. At Buenos Aires' regional Olympics, Miller is likely to discuss much more with Juan Perón than track & field events. If he wants to, Miller could certainly tell Perón that U.S.-Argentine relations have sagged lately, and that they are not likely to be improved by turgid Perón speeches proclaiming that not only Communism but capitalism must go. The general might also be told that the U.S. public and press do not cotton to the gagging of *La Prensa* or the bilious, Kremlin-style attacks on U.S. business by Evita Perón's newspaper, *Democracia*.

It may not be easy to convince the Argentines that friendship is a two-way street, and that full membership in the Western Hemisphere community rules out the profitable neutrality which Argentina pursued through two world wars. But Ed Miller himself has often said that Perón is "the kind of guy you can talk to."

COLOMBIA

Anywhere, Any Time

Judged by the acid test of deeds, Colombia (pop. 11 million) understands better than any other Latin American country that the Korean war is also its war. To date, Colombia has been the one Latin American government to promise acceptable fighting help for the U.N. forces. The 1,430-ton frigate *Almirante Padilla*, best ship in the Colombian navy, will sail from San Diego, Calif., next week; a spe-



STATE'S MILLER
Speed, tact, wit.

cially organized battalion (1,080 men) is in training for Korea.

In Washington last week, Roberto Urdeneta Arbelaez, Colombia's War Minister, told Dean Acheson and George Marshall that his country wished to go further in support of the U.N. cause. Colombia is willing, he said, to raise an entire new division (outfitted with arms to be bought in the U.S.) and make it available to the U.N. for service anywhere, any time. Said Edward Miller, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs: "Another heartening example of Colombia's seriousness of purpose in its foreign relations."

CUBA

Common Cause

Cubans were talking and acting like good neighbors last week. President Carlos Prío Socarrás declared that Cubans considered any threat to the security of the U.S. a threat to their own security. A Cuban delegation of six industrialists and two labor leaders laid before the U.S. National Production Authority a plan, worked out by the Cuban Association of Manufacturers and endorsed by the gov-

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ernment and the major unions, to gear the island's production to U.S. defense needs. Cuba would help mainly by expanding production of sugar, alcohol, textiles and minerals, especially nickel and manganese.

VENEZUELA

Nobody Here But Us Vipers

To Caracas, a sedate colonial capital only a generation ago, Venezuela's oil boom has brought skyscrapers, gadgets, gewgaws and plenty of loose cash. Rubbing elbows with barefooted paupers, thousands of new-rich eagerly seek the things that money can buy. Last week in *El Nacional*, Editorial Writer Manuel Rodriguez Cárdenas scorched buyers & sellers alike with a searing blast of angry rhetoric:

"We have a weakness: that of being rich . . . Writers with a sense of duty warn of the disaster we are headed for through our bragging folly, and shortsightedness; but no one pays any attention. The whirligig of clothes, horses and refrigerators spins on. Now we have reached perfection. We bring in dwarfs and freaks to divert us . . . fighters with bellies like jugs, and women who wiggle their hips in a different rhythm from the rest of the body.

"An endless multitude pours in upon us: dog salesmen, false-teeth makers, confidence men, skunk tamers. And we greet them with smiles of joy . . ."

"One of these days [the truth] will knock down this tin shop of absurdity and wickedness. Then the adventurers will take away their roulette wheels, their hair-curving machines, their good-luck charms. They will go away rich, and laughing at us. Here, amid the uproar, fighting to patch the sinking ship, we will be left alone, the disillusioned."

CANADA

Stepped-Up Defense

Canada's Defense Minister Brooke Claxton last week told the House of Commons how his country will step up its defense program:

¶ In the next three years Canada will spend \$5 billion, 10% of her national income, on defense.

¶ The army (current strength: 65,000) will be increased to 115,000, with a 5,000-man army brigade group posted to Western Europe. The army will change over entirely to U.S. weapons, send all its remaining stocks of British-type equipment to arm four European divisions.

¶ The Air Force will be increased from eight regular and eleven reserve squadrons to 40 squadrons, with eleven squadrons and 6,000 men ticketed for Western Europe.

¶ The Navy (current strength: 10,000 men, 40 ships) will double its manpower and build up a force of 100 ships for anti-submarine and escort duty.

* Current U.S. budget calls for spending \$74.6 billion during the next two years, 14% of the national income.

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PEOPLE

Legends

A London auctioneer disposed of the last effects from the English home of Czechoslovakia's late **Jan Masaryk**, lover of life, who plunged to his death from an office window in Prague three years ago, as the Reds were taking over his country. Two of Masaryk's favorite sheepskin jackets, trimmed with fluffy white wool and decorated with black and red sprays of brilliantly embroidered flowers, plus a felt coat and a pillow cover, fetched £52. Other clothing, including a pair of shoes, three neck scarves with lace borders, a child's white skirt and bodice and a lace shawl, brought the total sum to £60.

In his Wallingford, England home, 80-year-old Dr. William Ralph ("The Gloomy Dean") Inge, famed for his tireless attacks on smug optimism, welcomed some visiting relatives and gave photographers a rare smile of smug satisfaction as he performed a skillful balancing act with his two-week-old twin grandchildren, Nicholas and Caroline.

In 1891, during an era that launched such merchant tycoons as **John Wanamaker**, **Louis Bamberger**, **Marshall Field** and **David May**, Cleveland's **Samuel Halle** and his brother Salmon put \$10,000 into a modest fur store specializing in sealskin caps. A dozen expansions have built Halle Brothers Co. into a \$39 million-a-year business, and left 82-year-old Samuel Halle the last survivor of the big-name U.S. department-store pioneers. Last week key employees surprised spry Co-Founder Halle with a 60th anniversary luncheon and the gift of a leather desk set—which he can use daily as the still-active chairman of the board.

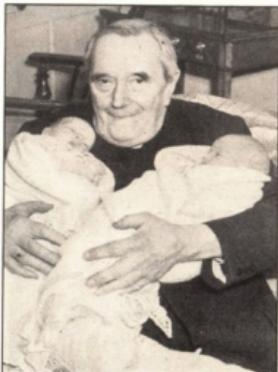
In Los Angeles last week, dressed as if



CLEVELAND'S HALLE
At 82, the last survivor.

for mourning in black gown, black coat and dotted veil, Swedish Immigrant **Greta Garbo**, 45, finally got around to taking her final oath as a U.S. citizen. Before scurrying back to privacy, she obliged newsmen with one hurried pose and one restrained quote: "I am glad to become a citizen of the U.S."

A chance passer-by gets the credit, in a popular legend, for saving the brand-new life of **Abraham Lincoln**, born 142 years ago this week in an insanitary cabin near Hodgenville, Ky. Soon after the future President came into the world under the supervision of a rural midwife, according to the story now retold by Chicago's Dr. Theodore Van Dellen, a neighbor named Isom Enlow "happened by." Finding the newcomer blue with cold, Neighbor Enlow set matters to rights by pouring down the baby's throat some melted turkey fat, which he carried to lubricate his gun.



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Heroes

From Korea came word that West Point's 1949 All-America Quarterback **Arnold Galiffa**, now a lieutenant with the 3rd Division, had helped break up a Red attack by heaving 75-yard hand-grenades passes.

South Dakota's Senator Francis Case got a request from a constituent, World War II Marine Corps Ace **Joseph Jacob Foss**, 35, Congressional Medal of Honor winner credited with shooting down 26 enemy planes over Guadalcanal, now lieutenant colonel and commander of South Dakota's Air National Guard, wanted to fight again. It would take a waiver of a rule prohibiting Medal of Honor winners from combat duty. Said the Senator: "Joe said he'd almost be willing to return the medal, if this would enable him to get combat duty."

Clarence ("Union Now") Streit sailed for Europe, his first trip abroad in twelve



JAN MASARYK'S JACKET
For £60, the last effects.

years. It was as a New York Times correspondent in Geneva, watching the futility of the League of Nations, that he determined to devote his life to crusading for a more fundamental union of free peoples.

Confusion

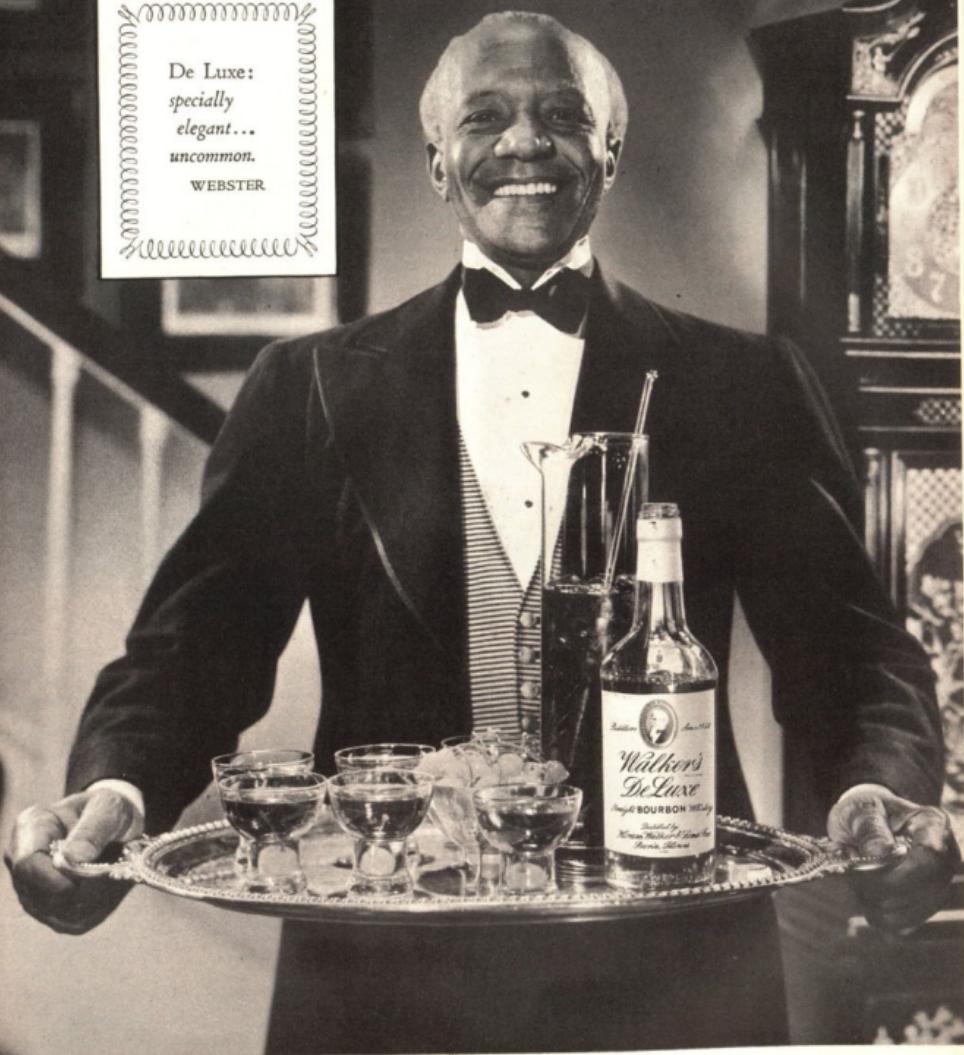
When San Antonio reporters asked blonde Soprano **Dorothy Kirsten**, 31, if she still planned to marry Dr. Eugene R. Chapman, 50, the surgeon she met in San Antonio two years ago, the Metropolitan Opera star had a ready answer. "Everybody knows we are going to get married," she burbled. It was simply a matter of setting the date. The flustered doctor, recently divorced and not so fast with his reply, said: "No plans at this time." After a hasty conference, the prospective bridegroom reconciled the two views with a formal statement: "Miss Kirsten and I will be married in the late spring. We had hoped to be able to make the announcement at our chosen time and in our chosen way. I regret that our desire for privacy caused some misunderstanding."

The list of "bourgeois" books banned by Communist Hungary now neared the 700 mark. Among the forbidden authors: **Louis Bromfield**, **Edna Ferber**, **Fannie Hurst**, **John P. Marquand**, **P. G. Wodehouse**, **Marcel Proust**. Specifically mentioned as objectionable: **Edgar Rice Burroughs'** Tarzan stories, **Louisa May Alcott's Little Women**, **James Hilton's Lost Horizon**, **Dale Carnegie's How to Win Friends and Influence People**.

A court in Loerrach, Germany slapped a \$140,610 fine on Prince **Hans von Liechtenstein**, 40, cousin of little Liechtenstein's sovereign, Prince Francis Joseph II, for evading customs. The prince's defense: the luggage he carried belonged to a friend; how was he to know it contained 13,270 Swiss watches?

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Crisis of Jazz

CRISE SUR LE JAZZ AUX ETATS-UNIS, said the headline in Paris' *Combat*, French *zazous* (pure-jazz bugs) who think of the U.S. as a land paved with Louis Armstrongs and Sidney Bechet got a depressing firsthand report on the "crisis," far from new, of U.S. jazz. Wrote French Bandleader Jacques Hélian:

"The evolution of jazz styles has bored the public. The big bands find it hard to live and many of them have dissolved, reforming only for specific jobs. Count Basie works with a small combo . . . Duke Ellington has no following."

Inquiring around, Hélian also found that "in general the American public isn't much interested in bop and progressive jazz . . . The famous Bop City on Broadway is closed up . . . I met Stan Kenton and listened to him one whole night . . . Kenton has abandoned his own style* and is playing dance music to keep his orchestra together and alive . . . He said, 'You're lucky [in France]. You can play jazz. The public understands you.'

"For a minute," wrote Hélian, "I could hardly believe my ears. Then I had to explain to him that we were a French dance orchestra [not a jazz orchestra]. The public, I had to explain, is the same everywhere. The true initiates are rare."

Moved from Montmartre

After an hour he left and strolled toward Montmartre, up the Rue Pigalle into the Place Blanche . . . He passed a lighted door from which issued music, and stopped with the sense of familiarity; it was Bricktop's, where he had parted with so many hours and so much money . . . —*Babylon Revisited*

F. Scott Fitzgerald was not the only American to part with "so many hours and so much money" in Bricktop's. From 1924 to 1939, until war drove her home to the U.S. for a while, Bricktop (real name: Ada Smith du Congé), a West Virginian-born Negro woman with a mop of rusty orange hair, played hostess to a whole generation of footloose Americans in her Montmartre nightclub.

Last week the old cry of "let's go to Bricktop's" was being heard again—but in Rome. And Romans, weary of over lush Neapolitan songs, were going for her with a rush.

Moving from table to table in her new cabaret, Bricktop gave them just what they wanted—notably, such old Gershwin songs as *Lady Be Good* and *The Man I Love*—in a contralto warm and caressing, for all her 56 years. For energetic youngsters, kicking up their heels in Rome's current Charleston fad (TIME, Dec. 18), Bricktop was at her best with *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*, backed by some solid rhythm from her band.

* Not permanently. Kenton plans to return to his "Innovations" concerts next fall.

Bricktop, who has black hair now, admits that "in America I didn't catch on. Let's face it. Americans are used to Negro entertainers who run places to go slumming in—not at all the sort of place I had for so long in Paris and which I tried to have in New York. I just find it easier to pursue happiness in Europe. That doesn't



BRICKTOP

She is happier near the Pope.

mean that I don't feel intensely American."

She reopened her place in Paris after the war. But on the way there, she fell in love with Rome. Nine years ago she became a Roman Catholic, like Rome because "I like to be near the Holy Father."

Big Cello

When Gregor Piatigorsky put away his cello for a long rest 15 months ago, he was the best cellist in the U.S.* Back in Carnegie Hall last week for the first time since his sabbatical, a slightly greyer "Grischa" Piatigorsky proved that there is still no one around who can touch him.

Carrying his \$30,000 Stradivarius cello like a toy, the hulking (6 ft. 3½ in.) master lunged onstage, plunked himself into a chair next to the piano. Then he launched into a program of Schumann, Bach, Milhaud, Debussy, Bloch and Ravel. He played them all with masterful technique and taste, though he was at his best when the music called for soaring rhapsody. All in all, he played with the freshness of a man who had taken time out to think things over.

Fifteen months ago, Piatigorsky was fed up with the hotel, train and plane life of the touring virtuoso. It occurred to him that he had not taken a real vacation

* Best in the world: Pablo Casals, who came out of his retirement briefly last year for the Bach festival at Prades (TIME, June 12).

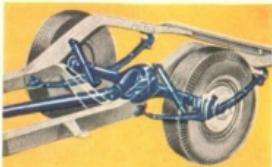
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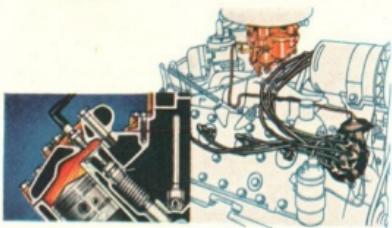
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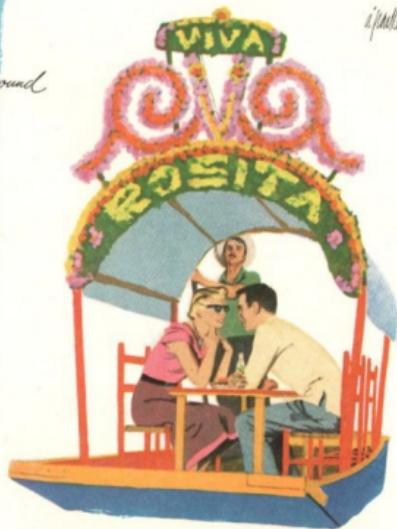
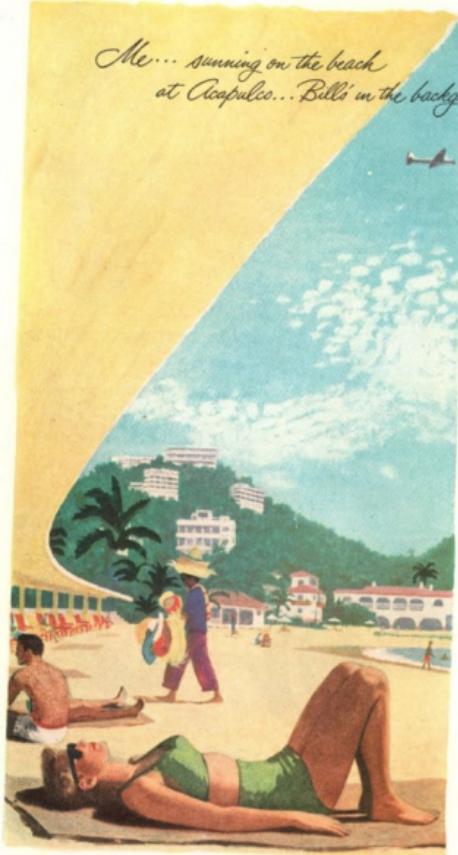
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*Me... running on the beach
at Acapulco... Bill's in the background.*



Bill and I take a ride in a Floating Garden

*Silver and Tortoise Pin
I bought for
Mother in Taxco...*



*Stained glass window
in Cortés Palace*

*"Magic moments
from my Mexican
memory book!"*



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since the age of eight, when he got his first job as a cellist. At 46, he wrote his manager: "I have carried my big cello from city to city. I have never refused an interview, even to a school paper. I have seen everybody after a performance who wanted to see me. For a while, I can stop."

He spent his sabbatical puttering around the garden of his home in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles, renewing his acquaintance with his wife, the former Jacqueline de Rothschild, and two children, and he finished a philosophical novel whose hero is a painter. He also found time during the summer to teach at the Berkshire Music Center.

Was he glad to be back in the thick of it again? The answer was an epic shrug and a Slavic expostulation as follows:

"I have this recording to do. I think I



PIATIGORSKY
Who? HIM?

must be fresh, at my best. But I cannot sleep. Someone gave me sleeping pills. I never take pills, never! But I take a pill—and I am wide awake. So I take another and I begin to feel drowsy. And I get mad. To think that that little pill, that so little pill, can dominate me! ME!"

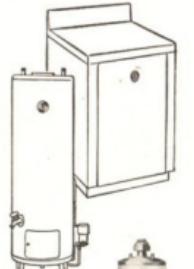
In short, Piatigorsky was back, and bubbling.

Sequels

IN LONDON, Gian-Carlo Menotti got an opening-night ovation for *The Consul*, in contrast to the pandemonium of boos and bravos it raised at La Scala (TIME, Feb. 5). Nobody tried to drown out the singers with toy whistles or shouted "Down with America!" Said Menotti: "I still have friends in Britain."

IN AMSTERDAM, the Concertgebouw row was settled. Musicians who had walked out in the uproar over German Conductor Paul van Kempen (TIME, Feb. 12) agreed to come back. Management tacitly agreed that the conductor would be somebody besides Van Kempen.

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Nice Magic

Christopher Wood was only 29 when he killed himself in 1930—a bright, charming Englishman who had apparently failed to make the grade as an artist. His mother gave many of Wood's paintings away. A man named Rex de C. Nan Kivell, director of London's Redfern Gallery, quietly bought them up. Last week the Redfern was showing Wood's paintings to admiring crowds, and selling them for as much as £1,500 apiece.

Wood's 20s coincided with those of the century. He spent them in a gay round of European travels with rich friends. "One must get all the pleasure out of life that is possible," he wrote his mother. "I suppose you couldn't possibly either send me my allowance in advance or lend me about 15 pounds so that I can square this beastly hotel off and get my things."

He borrowed from other artists as well; until two years before the end, Wood's work was shamelessly eclectic. Then, at little resorts on the coasts of Brittany and Cornwall, he learned to paint nudes and landscapes in a nice, decorative, pleasant style of his own. London *Sunday Times* Critic Eric Newton has supplied some loftier adjectives for it. "One must be content," he wrote, taking a deep breath, "with saying that Christopher Wood possessed the gift of making everyday things both magical and mystical, and of performing the miracle endlessly. The ingredients of his magic are things available to us all—boats, white houses, stone walls, fishing nets, but the essence of magic is that it is inexplicable."

What's in a Name?

One of the most popular paintings in the Metropolitan Museum is a portrait of a pretty art student, *Mlle. Charlotte du Val d'ognes*. Scholars have always assumed that Jacques Louis David painted it and surpassed himself in doing so; last week the scholars were proved wrong.

Charles Sterling, Louvre curator and foreign adviser to the Met, did the proving. In the Met's current *Bulletin*, Sterling confessed he had always viewed *Mlle. Charlotte* with "a mixture of admiration and skepticism." The complex background, the lighting from behind, the modeling and drawing are all unlike David. Painter-prophet of the French Revolution, David was the sort of man who could and did express disappointment that only 80 aristocrats were guillotined in one morning. *Mlle. Charlotte's* atmosphere of sweetness & light hardly typifies his work.

What's more, says Sterling severely: "The articulation of the shoulder and the wrist lacks correctness. The legs, of excessive length, betray a mannerism such as David never exhibits in his portraits, and in no such degree as here even in his figure compositions. And when did [David] paint flesh as pink as this and as transparent?"

ART



Redfern Gallery

Wood's "THE BLUE NECKLACE"
The ingredients? Available to all.

Finally, Sterling turned up the fact that the painting is reproduced in an engraving of the Paris Salon of 1801—which David boycotted. The Salon catalogue for that year does, however, list several portraits by an obscure follower of David named Constance Marie Charpentier, and a contemporary clipping describes one of them as "a young lady almost entirely in shadow." That one, Sterling reasons, is probably the Met's picture.

His conclusion vastly lowers the portrait's market value (estimated at \$100,000), but *Mlle. Charlotte* remains as springlike and serene as ever.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art
"Mlle. Charlotte"
Wrists? Incorrect! Legs? Too long!

Down with Devils

The tiny village of Bessans, high in the French Alps, is famed for a peculiar manufacture: devils. Last week Bessans' devil industry was dying out. That meant the end of an ancient tradition.

One story has it that the people of Bessans began whittling devils in the 14th Century to commemorate a home-town boy named Duvallon, who sold his soul to Satan on a Christmas night. For 50 years thereafter, Duvallon was able to tote huge pine trees about on his shoulders and to float up & down the River Arc in a magic, unsinkable jacket. Satan at last came to collect, of course, suffused with devilish glee. Duvallon slipped his wife's wedding ring on his own finger for protection, jumped on his horse and galloped off to Rome. The Pope prescribed three Masses to foil Duvallon's pursuer—one in St. Peter's, one in Notre Dame, and one in Bessans' village church. With Satan hot on his heels, Duvallon hastened from Rome to Paris and home again, the race handily and lived happily ever after.

A second version goes back only to the 18th Century, when Bessans' parish priest quarreled with the village woodcarver and forbade him to enter the church. For revenge, the carver whittled a devil carrying the priest in its arms. A passing tourist snapped up the statuette. "There's money in the devil!" cried the happy wood-carver, and set about teaching his sons and grandsons to "make Satan surge out of a pine branch."

The feud between priest and whittler continues, but it has become flat, stale and unprofitable. Today Bessans' No. 1 whittler is Emile Tracq, 46, who has sold travelers some 500 devils and statuettes modeled on his wife. He prefers the devils because "I can carve one in 50 hours. It takes much longer to do the Virgin or a saint." According to the village priest, Tracq's works "lack soul."

The criticism hurts Tracq, and sales have been slipping badly anyway. Instead of retaliating by whittling the priest in Satan's arms, Tracq recently laid down his jackknife, took up the pen. Having the best handwriting in town, he landed the honorable post of secretary to the mayor. No one says the mayor's letters lack soul. Meanwhile the priest is organizing whittling classes for the village's few young boys. They will not be taught to carve devils.

Tower Builder

The most discussed exhibition in Italy last week was of 94 landscapes and cityscapes signed "Francesco Torri." It was not the quality of the paintings that made talk, though they were pretty good. Unpretentious sketches of pleasant spots for a picnic or an *aperitif*, the canvases were simple in composition and glowing in color. They were the work of a man, one critic had averred, "who knows his trade."

Torri's trade is rayon textiles. He

New developments in industrial lighting

General Electric reports on five years' progress toward more production, fewer accidents, less spoilage, less fatigue

Are you getting the most out of your lighting? Check the items listed below and ask yourself how much you know about these new developments in factory lighting—all of them have come to the fore in the past five years.

1. SLIMLINE FLUORESCENT

This is fluorescent lighting with long, thin tubes up to eight feet long. Chief advantages for industry are simple and very easy maintenance, high efficiency.



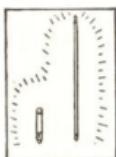
2. R-52 LAMPS

These are 500 and 750 watt lamps that have built-in reflectors. Excellent for high-bay areas, such as foundries, and other areas where it is difficult to clean lighting equipment.



3. IMPROVED MERCURY LAMPS

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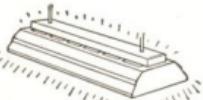
4. PLANNED MAINTENANCE

In many cases, regular cleaning, plus replacement of lamps in groups on a regular schedule, produces important savings in cost of light.



5. BETTER LIGHT DISTRIBUTION AND BETTER SHIELDING

New fluorescent fixtures, available from a number of manufacturers, direct some of the light upward, to avoid undesirable extremes of contrast between work and surroundings. And better shielding helps reduce uncomfortable glare.



6. HIGHER LIGHTING LEVELS

Not so many years ago, fifty foot-candles seemed like a high level in industry. But experience indicates this should be a *minimum* in most types of work.



7. SIMPLIFIED FLUORESCENT LINE

General Electric's line of four (4) white fluorescent lamps ends earlier confusion about which color of white fluorescent to buy. Use *Standard White* (cool or warm) where efficiency is most important; use *DeLuxe White* (cool or warm) where completely satisfactory color rendition is required.

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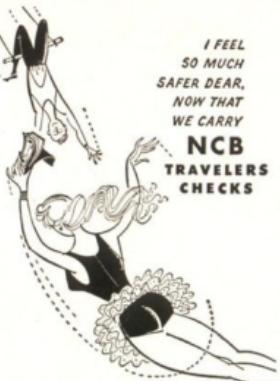


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is head man of gigantic and world-famed Sna Viscosa (40,000 employees). He signs himself "Torri" (Towers), he explained, because he has built three towering structures: an office building in Milan and factories near Venice and in Spain. His real name is Franco Marinotti, and his personal income is around \$2,000,000 a year. At 60, Marinotti looks a bit like a short and overweight Daddy Warbucks. He has painted all his life.

As a youth, Marinotti worked in Russia for an Italian textile firm and exhibited annually in Czarist Moscow. Back in Italy, he made a secret of his art, concentrated on being a tycoon.

Why did he make a mystery of his



PUBLIFOTO

PAINTER "TORRI"
Income: \$2,000,000 a year.

ivory tower until now? Well, says Marinotti, "an industrialist who paints is apt to be looked on by others as a man who is distracted from his own work. However, once a person can show the work he has accomplished . . ."

Stix Pix

The Artists' Gallery was celebrating its 15th anniversary with a show of 96 happy alumni. Almost half of them, e.g., Josef Albers, Ad Reinhardt, Adolph Gottlieb, have graduated to commercial galleries which charge commissions and push the same painters year after year. The Artists' Gallery does neither. A nonprofit outfit, it measures success only by the number of worthwhile new artists to whom it gives a start. By that measurement, it is one of Manhattan's most successful.

The gallery is the brainchild of an energetic idealist named Hugh Stix, who divides his work week between it and the grocery business. Stix's self-appointed task is to provide a free window for the most creative artists he can find. "This is just a pilot operation," he says. "We should have at least 20 galleries like ours in this city and one in every city in the country."

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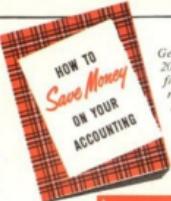
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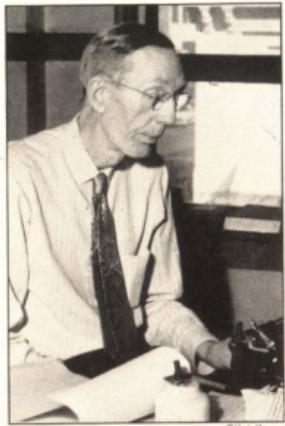
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THE PRESS

Editor's Note

Editor Frank Grimes of the Abilene (Texas) *Reporter-News* is one Westerner who lets neither Washington datelines nor syndicated columnists bluff him out of an editor's job of thinking for himself. Grimes flavors his editorial page with six canned pundits, but never hesitates to strike up an argument in his own editorial column if he thinks a columnist is sour. Last week he had words for both Walter Lippmann and George Sokolsky.

Lippmann made him mad with a piece on the United Nations resolution condemning Communist China as an aggressor in Korea. "The vote," wrote Lippmann, "is in fact a serious defeat for this country



EDITOR GRIMES
He coined the pundits.

on the main issue. The issue was Asia . . . We see [by the vote] that we have . . . no important supporters in Asia . . . It would have been a great deal smarter . . . not to force a showdown . . ."

Counteracted Grimes: "He says the issue was Asia; we say it was moral, which is an issue much more vital than Asia . . . We can never pretend to occupy the same exalted and immaculate ivory tower Walter Lippmann inhabits . . . but we do not believe you can ignore moral issues or put principle under the heel of expedience and get away with it."

When Sokolsky's column came in two days later, attacking Eisenhower's report on Europe, Grimes burned at the column's headline: SALESMAN IKE. Grimes changed it to CRITICIZES IKE'S FINDINGS, then teed off on Sokolsky: "We hate to see a great patriot, who is trying to execute a great commission, accused of trying to sell the American people a bill of goods . . . Mr. Sokolsky is an opinionated person, and from external appearances he hasn't

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changed his mind in the last thirty years . . . To an unregenerate isolationist, this is Truman's war, and Eisenhower is either so simple or so unprincipled that he would undertake the task of selling it to the American people. How warped can you get? . . ."

Another U.N. Trap

U.S. editors have long wanted a worldwide treaty guaranteeing freedom of the press, and they thought the United Nations was the means to get it. They began to suspect, in a string of preliminary conferences, that they were wrong. Last month they got proof when the U.N. turned the treaty-drafting job over to a committee* loaded with nations which cared more about restricting the press than freeing it.

The danger was plain to U.S. Delegate Carroll Binder. A perceptive, hard-working newsman, Binder had for almost 20 years been a foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, is now the global-minded editor of the Minneapolis Tribune's editorial page. Said he: the U.S. will not retreat one inch from its concept of press freedom. "To seek compromise merely for the sake of reaching some sort of agreement even among the non-totalitarian points of view would hardly promote freedom."

Last week, true to form, the committee majority brushed his objections aside. It turned out a draft treaty that was a defeat for the U.S.-British goal of a truly free press. The draft included a long list of limitations which could be used (all in the name of high-sounding moralities) to serve personal vanity, national pride or just plain bad government.

The Asiatic and Middle Eastern delegates were determined to go further and outlaw stories which would "injure the feelings of nationals of a state" or "undermine friendly relations." Egypt, for example, wanted to use such a clause to stop the world press from noting King Farouk's public behavior.

Delegate Binder said the U.S. would reject the treaty and any such amendments, made clear that he would fight to the last ditch if other nations forced a final U.N. vote. If such a phony freedom treaty ever is signed, foreign politicians will certainly use it with great self-righteousness to throttle U.S. news-gathering abroad.

Prosperity on Wheels

To most U.S. motorists, hot-rodders are a breed of nerveless nuisances who zip their noisy jalopies in & out of traffic with uncanny skill. But to two young Hollywood publicity men, Robert Lindsay, 27, and Robert ("Pete") Petersen, 24, hot-rodgers seemed to be a custom-made target for a new magazine.

There was one hitch: neither Lindsay nor Petersen knew much about hot rods

* Britain, Cuba, Ecuador, Egypt, France, India, Lebanon, Mexico, The Netherlands, Pakistan, the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, the U.S.S.R., the U.S. and Yugoslavia.



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or publishing. By haunting Southern California race tracks, they learned the lingo, found that "herding a goat" meant driving an old racing car, that a "jug" was a carburetor, that a "featherfoot" had a light throttle touch. Then a neighborhood engraver showed them how to lay out pages; a printer taught them to proofread. With \$859 scraped up from trusting advertisers and friends, *Hot Rod* magazine appeared in December 1947.

Starter Trouble. Lindsay and Petersen sold their first issues at speedways, race tracks, in backyard garages and wherever they heard the roar of motors. By the third issue they were ready to try the newsstands, go ahead confidently on their monthly production schedule, and build up a crew of technical correspondents across the U.S.

Hot-rodgers soon took to the textbook-like stories, pictures of engine heads, and

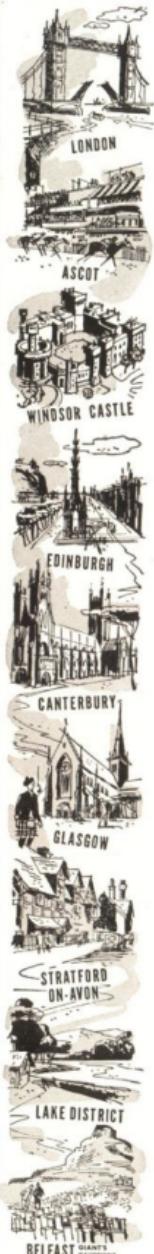


PUBLISHERS PETERSEN & LINDSAY
Goat-herders like their work.

cutaway diagrams of new racers which floored ordinary readers. There were how-to-do-it hints from the hot-rodder who hit 120 m.p.h. after "pouring nitrated alky through three 97's"; from another whose racing engine "is a Model B Ford, bored .060-inch oversize with Jahn pistons, Pontiac rods and a drilled crankshaft."

High Speed. At the end of nine months, circulation was up to 20,000, back issues were selling at a premium (current rate for the first one: \$5), and the venture was in the black. In September 1949, Lindsay and Petersen launched *Motor Trend* magazine for auto buffs in the white-sleeve brackets. Last April they added *Cycle* for motorcyclists. By last week, though *Cycle* was still in the red, the three magazines were selling a total of half a million a month, grossing \$700,300 a year.

Hot Rod Editor Wally Parks still drives to work in a half-souped 1929 Ford (Evans heads and manifold); *Motor*



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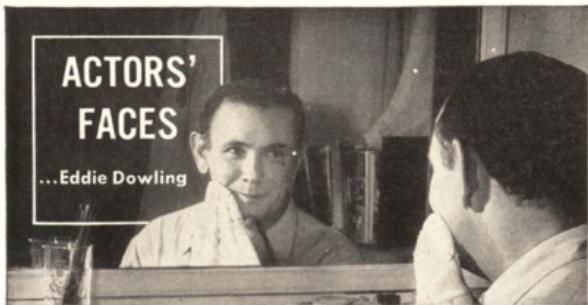
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Actors, more than any other group of men, must look their young, healthy best at all times. But removing heavy stage make-up leaves actors' faces extra-sensitive. This means painful discomfort during shaving and can even lead to wrinkled, old-looking skin.

To help actors—and other men with sensitive skin—maintain a young and healthy appearance, The J. B. Williams Company has added an amazing new substance to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, helps protect the face against

excessive dryness and daily blade scrape.

Now—every time you shave with the New Williams Shaving Cream—you give your face the benefit of Extract of Lanolin, which helps preserve the youthful qualities of the skin. If your position calls for a well-groomed look from morning till night, or if your face is sensitive to the sharp cutting edge of your razor, you'll want to start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. *Same tube—same carton—but now containing wonderful new "Extract of Lanolin!"*

Trend Editor Walter A. Woron drives a 1950 Ford with a Cadillac grill. Editor Robert Greene of *Cycle* puts to work on his Harley-Davidson 61. But Publishers Lindsay and Petersen now arrive in blue stock-model 1950 Cadillacs.

Crimson's Mother

Tongue in cheek, the Harvard *Crimson* solemnly printed a letter from "a Radcliffe Mother" pleading for the drafting of Harvard's 18-year-olds. Wrote Mother: "Every weekend [my daughter] goes out with a Harvard boy 18 years old, and I say draft him and his kind, the whole lot of them, the quicker the better. Mothers . . . should see him simpering on her doorstep, his fuzzy face shining and insipid, his white shoes dirty and scuffed. They should hear his simple-minded conversation . . . Put him in uniform, give him the experience which will make a man out of him."

The *Crimson* had used the "Radcliffe Mother" tag before on phony letters, and thought everyone would spot it as an obvious gag. But, said the editors ruefully, they "failed to reckon with the Associated Press." The A.P. gave the letter a deadpan lead ("Awaken ye men of Harvard . . ."), inserted the phrase "purportedly from the mother of a Radcliffe girl," and sent it clicking across the nation.

More than 100 papers and radio stations gave it a play (HARVARD SEEN DRAFT SOURCE; MOM WANTS SIMPERING HARVARDS IN SERVICE). New York papers used it, all but one knocking out the word "purportedly." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* played the story on Page One.

Last week the *Crimson*'s editors swam out from under a deluge of critical, serious letters from across the nation. Said one: "If by any chance you thought it funny . . . I urge you to revise your sense of humor in fairness to American boyhood within your precincts." Replied the *Crimson*: "Local boyhood had no trouble with the *Crimson*'s humor. Other people, aided and abetted by eager copy editors and an ambitious wire service, had plenty of trouble indeed . . . The reaction . . . sets up a little lesson in how the press gets news and how readers accept that news. It is not a particularly funny story."

Fun

Do teen-agers read advice columns, and do they believe what they read? To find out, the Mental Hygiene Association of Westchester County, N.Y. questioned 500 high-school sophomores. Most of them (436) did indeed read tips-to-the-teens columns, but usually "just for fun," not guidance. Sample reactions: "The writers don't think like teen-agers, nor reason like them, nor understand them, so they are not fit to give advice."

Said the Mental Hygiene Association in a report published last week: "Although a very few columnists seem to have considerable understanding of teen-agers, too much of the advice [is] way out of line with generally accepted mental hygiene principles, while some [seems] definitely pernicious."

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WEST VIRGINIA

Le Véritable!



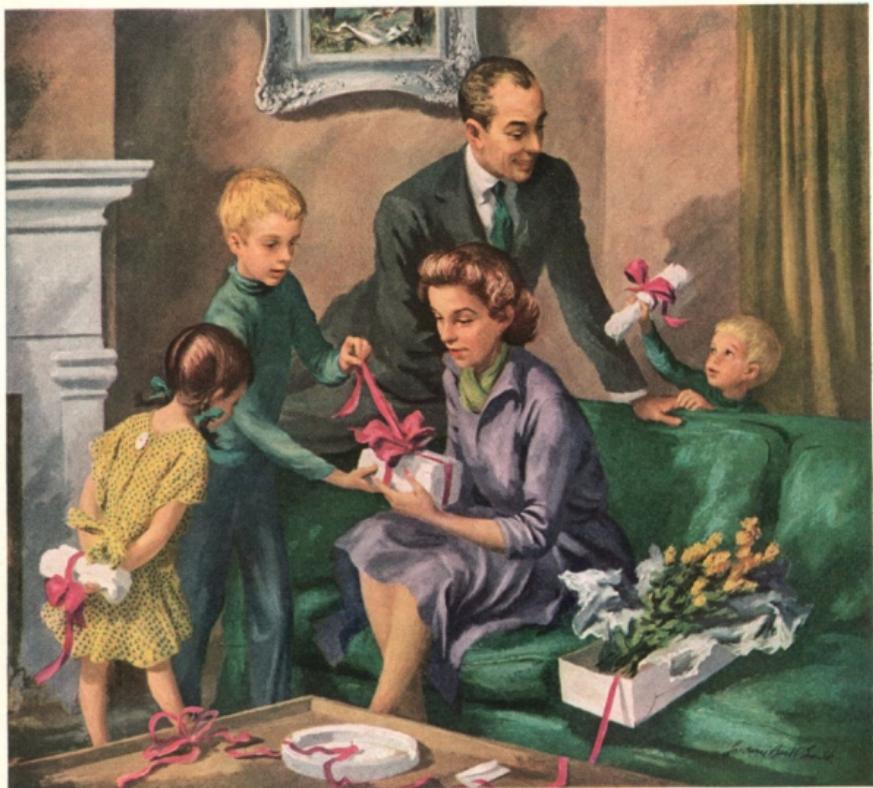
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... or as we say, the McCoy—the genuine article, made according to an old recipe straight from France. Butter-fried onions a-swim in a rich and hearty beef stock, seasoned to perfection, simmered slowly a small batch at a time. A last deft touch of golden Parmesan.

Every sip is Paris all over again. Try it! Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

HORMEL ONION SOUP





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Why it's one of the most important times to see your life insurance agent.

Ten years—and all's well! So well that you can "count your blessings over, name them one by one." Your two favorite girls. Your fine big boy. And your little boy who wants you to know that he's big enough to give a present, too!

Then there's your good job. Your good health. Your good house . . . and another good thing, which you almost forgot—your life insurance.

It stands guard over all the blessings of your life. That's why you want to make sure, today, that your life insurance program properly provides for your family's needs. See your Massachusetts Mutual Agent, for he's been especially trained to make your

life insurance program flexible—to make it do the things you want at the lowest cost.

Providing life insurance programs of "planned flexibility" to meet changing insurance needs has been our job for almost one hundred years . . . another good reason why, at the great moments of *your* life, you should talk over *your* plans with your Massachusetts Mutual Agent.

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Uncommon carriers



Most people think of coal or ore when you talk conveyor belts. But the truth is that the G.T.M.—Good-year, Technical Man—has already installed belt systems handling a wide range of materials—some of them surprising even to engineers.

A slippery stream of fish riding up rubber from dock-side into pro-



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that pay big dividends

essing plant is one example—1,000 tons of oily menhaden being carried into a fertilizer and oil-making plant where former methods could handle only about a third that quantity in the same time. Logs, too, ride to the mill on conveyors in many modern paper and lumber plants. Belts of Chemigum—Goodyear's synthetic rubber—withstand the attack of oil 50 times as well

as natural rubber, making them ideal for conveyorizing assembly lines and other operations where extreme resistance to oil is indicated.

Other surprising substances being carried by conveyors are hot coke and other materials at temperatures over 250°—wet, soupy, hard-to-handle cement mixtures—abrasives of all types—even cakes of soap in the process of manufacture. Whatever you want to carry, the G.T.M. can choose from the widest selection of belt constructions to select the one

which will best handle your material.

Want proof? The G.T.M. can give you dollars-and-cents figures from successful installations throughout industry—from short hauls inside factories to multi-mile “rubber railroads” carrying high tonnages for long cross-country distances. He can match your cargo-handling problems with actual savings made by others to prove that conveyors can be the most economical cargo-handlers. Get in touch with the G.T.M. today by writing Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



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Death trap

YOU'RE on top of it before you know it. Too late, your headlights pick up that break in the road. You cling to the wheel and hope for the best, which may be a broken spring or a blowout. The *worst* may mean your car lurching out of control . . . a crash . . . ambulance sirens.

The number of Americans killed or injured each year in motor vehicle accidents makes a casualty list far greater than those of war.

On thousands of miles of old highway, chuckholes not only exist but grow worse

year by year. A frost crack or a weak spot in the subsurface may be the start. The pounding of heavy vehicles widens and deepens the break. Good maintenance locates such places *before* they become death traps.

Highways in bad repair are a twofold menace. They threaten not only your own safety, but the security of your country. A nation is no healthier than its arteries

of traffic. And today, when the nation must be at full strength for defense and production, the improvement of present roads and the building of new ones are vital needs.

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RELIGION

Niebuhr at Yale

A reporter from the *Yale Daily News* was sent to report the visiting speaker. This time it was no routine chapel assignment. The *News* reporter wrote: "An electrically tense audience packed itself into Battell Chapel last night to hear Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr." The reporter did not exaggerate. For three successive nights Niebuhr, a lightning-fast speaker, held Yale undergraduates spellbound, and left behind a ferment of discussion.

To the audience in Battell Chapel, Niebuhr was no unheralded lecturer: Yale's undergraduates knew him as one of Protestantism's top thinkers, a scholar whose writing often taxes the understanding. But there was no trouble understanding his

Contrary to what many Christians believe, history is not the mere increase of love among men. "The anti-Christ grows with Christ," and where faith is strongest, temptation is also at its height. The anti-Christ today is Communism, "because it has the pretension of being God." Escaping it, Christian man must work out his own salvation; history will not save him. The course of the Christian is hard and perilous—but it is a true course.

A Common Ignorance

Should an American Jew abandon his Jewishness and try to "assimilate" himself? Or should he cling to the fundamentals of his own tradition, even though it makes him "different"? Either course would be preferable to the one U.S. Jews



Jon Lewis Allen—*Yale Daily News*

REINHOLD NIEBUHR & STUDENTS
The hard, perilous course is the true course.

preaching, for Dr. Niebuhr preached the old-time religion, without concession to the easy secularism of his time.

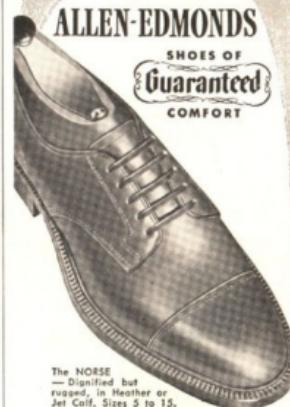
"Christian faith," said he, "stands or falls on the proposition that a character named Jesus, in a particular place at a particular time in history, is more than a man in history, but is a revelation of the mystery of self and of the ultimate mystery of existence."

Man, turning away from Christ, has reached "the dubious conclusion that history will emancipate him from all evil." But there is no salvation through history, and no escape from it, either. Determinism is not the answer, nor is the Hegelian theory that man improves on his journey through history, no matter what action he takes. "Christianity moves in all history, but it has a dimension above history . . . We Christians must accept the fact that we are in this age. We have to work out our lives' history in this period . . . We must make decisions."

are actually following, says British Literary Critic David Daiches, who has spent ten years teaching English at the University of Chicago and Cornell.

Writing in the current issue of *Commentary*, this eminent son of a rabbi finds "American Jewry . . . aiming at a confused third way which is neither philosophically tenable nor socially practicable"—a "genteele" watering-down of Judaism to conform to U.S. cultural standards.

"This is partly," says Daiches, "because American Jews are so nervous about their Americanism . . . They have continually to prove that they are good Americans first and good Jews afterwards, and the obvious way of doing that is to join in the general 'democratic' chorus that nobody really differs from anybody else, that all religions are equally true, that Jewish worship is really just the same as Christian worship, that a rabbi can appropriately preach in a church and a Christian minister in a 'temple,' and that a common ig-



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norance of the Bible and of theology can satisfy everybody in a sentimental, social-service, 'boys'-town' religion . . ."

The American Jew really wants to assimilate, says Daiches, but he feels guilty about it and "gets his assimilationist urge horribly mixed up with the fiercer kind of Zionism . . . No one would be more astonished or upset than the American Zionist if out of Zion were really to come forth the Law and Word of the Lord from Jerusalem. He hopes that out of Zion will come forth good Rotarian Israelites and Hebrew-speaking hot-dog sellers."

Daiches thinks the American Jew should frankly accept assimilation as an ideal or else seriously cultivate Judaism: "To cultivate a Jewish consciousness while ignoring or disbelieving or glossing over the ideas and doctrines which constitute the Jewish heritage [is] both illogical and unintelligent. If you believe that the Jewish religion can be prettied up into a modern mixture of Freud and Jefferson and kid yourself into calling your fancy synthesis Judaism (as was done in that absurd book, *Peace of Mind*), then I suppose nobody can prevent you; but don't then sneer at assimilationists—they are at least honest about what they are doing."

The Miracle

One of the trickiest of human emotions is righteous indignation. Last week, as for weeks before, that emotion was being exhibited in all its trickiness by New York Roman Catholics crying "Blasphemy!" and by their opposition crying "Clerical censorship!"

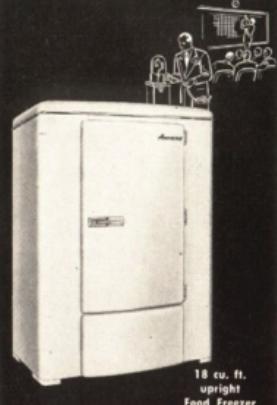
The object of this indignation was a short (40-minute), 2½-year-old, seconde-rate Italian film called *The Miracle*. Thanks to court action, denunciations and counter-denunciations in the newspapers, picket lines and counter-picket lines outside the theater, the little movie was a sensation, a scandal and a box-office hit.

Made by famed Producer-Director Roberto (Ingrid Bergman) Rossellini with his then favorite actress, Anna Magnani, it tells the story of a deranged Italian peasant girl who is seduced by a bearded wayfarer under the impression that she is seeing a vision of St. Joseph. Her resulting pregnancy, she is convinced, is of divine origin. For this pathetic delusion she is cruelly badgered by a crowd of villagers, who stage a jeering procession in mockery of this deluded "virgin."

When *The Miracle* was produced in Italy, it was a flop. It was exhibited at the 1948 Venice Film Festival, but failed to win a prize. The Catholic Cinematographic Center (Italian version of the U.S. Legion of Decency) blacklisted it as "an abominable profanation," and Catholic Action warned "zealous" Catholics not to see it. Italian audiences found it boring, and in its seven-month run it grossed less than \$30,000—about half its cost.

In short, in Roman Catholicism's stronghold, *The Miracle* caused little or no stir. Its maker, Rossellini, was so far from being put in the church's doghouse that in 1949 he got the Vatican's approval

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of plans to film a life of St. Francis, in which members of the Franciscan order took part.

Last December *The Miracle* was put on by Manhattan's Paris Theater as one of three shorts under the overall title, *Ways of Love* (TIME, Dec. 18). Cardinal Archbishop Spellman denounced it as not only a "vile and harmful picture," but also "a despicable affront to every Christian . . . a mockery of our faith." He demanded that the license for *The Miracle's* showing be revoked by the New York State board of regents. If the board did not have the necessary power, he implied that U.S. Roman Catholics would go all out to change the censorship laws. Promptly, the Catholic War Veterans threw a vociferous picket line around the theater. A few counter-pickets picketed the pickets.

The New York Film Critics awarded *Ways of Love* its prize for the best foreign-language film of 1950. Warned by the cardinal's office against making the scheduled public presentation of the award on the stage at Radio City Music Hall, the critics discreetly moved the ceremony to the Rainbow Room in the RCA building. The Paris Theater was emptied twice after telephone tips were received that the theater would be bombed. One bombing threat was received by St. Patrick's. But as of this week, not even a stink bomb had gone off in either place.

Outside the battle lines, bystanders asked each other what all the shooting was really about. A strong hint came from Italy. There, Msgr. Albino Galletto, head of the Catholic Cinematographic Center, suggested that in the largely non-Catholic U.S. such a movie might lead non-Catholics to scoff at the church's teaching.*

In plain English, the church's position seemed to be that *The Miracle* was not very dangerous to the Catholic faith in Italy, but might be quite damaging to the Catholic Church in the U.S. In Italy, the Catholic Church is the established church and can thus afford a certain leniency; in the religiously libertarian U.S., the church feels it must fight for its rights and be vigilant against all slurs.

Instead of simply staying away from *The Miracle* (like their Italian brethren), U.S. Catholics tried to keep other people from seeing it, and (as outraged citizens as well as deeply offended Christians) shouted, "There ought to be a law!"

Expansion

No man in the U.S. knows more about Christian missions than Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette, 66, author of the seven-volume *History of the Expansion of Christianity*, and professor of missions and oriental history at Yale.

Last week Dr. Latourette was chosen president of the Japan International Christian University Foundation. His first task: to complete the \$10 million fund-raising campaign begun by the late Rev. Ralph E. Difendorfer (TIME, Feb. 12).

* Especially (though Msgr. Galletto did not mention this possibility) so soon after the Assumption of the Virgin Mary became a dogma.

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WONDERFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP. MET
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SPORT

Month of Decision

Happy Chandler is sure that fans everywhere want him to carry on in his \$65,000-a-year job as baseball commissioner. Last week he made a major speech in his campaign for re-election. At a dinner of the New York Baseball Writers' Association, attended by most of the club owners who oppose him, Happy pleaded for unity under Chandler leadership. Said he: "The American fan will have his way. We must not let him down."

The club owners acted as if they had not heard a word. They set March as the month of decision, made a date to meet in Florida to pick a commissioner. Top name in the scuttlebutt last week: Governor Frank J. Lausche of Ohio, a Democrat who bitterly offended party regulars by conceding, before the last elections, that Bob Taft has his good points. Among other things, Lausche was once (1917) a third baseman for Duluth in the Northern League.

On the other hand, Happy Chandler still insisted that the election might light on Happy Chandler.

Signature Week

Last week was signature week for the top-bracket stars of the American League. Among those who signed, all smiles:

TED WILLIAMS, for his tenth year with the Red Sox and about \$110,000 (other estimates: \$95,000 to \$125,000).

JOE DiMAGGIO, for his 13th year with the Yankees and \$100,000.

The National League's top star was still unsigned. Stan Musial of the Cardinals, four-time league batting champion (.346 last year) and a \$50,000 man last season, had left for a tour of Army camps in Germany after letting the economy-minded Cardinal front office know his latest 1951 asking price: \$85,000.

Cream of the Ivy

The Columbia University Lions, No. 4 in U.S. ranking, have been one of the surprise basketball teams of the year. In a hard-fought 54-44 victory over Cornell at Ithaca last week, the Lions won their 15th game in a row this season, their 24th straight over two seasons. That kept them on top of the Eastern Intercollegiate (Ivy) League and the only undefeated major team in the country.

At first glance, it is hard to see just what makes the Columbia boys good. The squad began the season without three of last year's top first-stringers, lost through graduation; it has no brilliant stars. Acting Coach Lou Rossini, who was a Columbia varsity player himself five years ago, took over from his ailing chief, Coach Gordon Ridings, in the first month of the season. Says Rossini: "Ridings had the boys in shape, and I just picked up where he left off." Rossini has done a good job of picking up.

Columbia's chief asset is a well-bal-



COLUMBIA'S ROSSINI
Grab it and streak.

anced, smoothly geared team, whose members are trained to take advantage of the general court situation at any time, rather than rely on too many set blackboard maneuvers. This year, for the first time, Columbia has adopted the strategy of the "fast break," in which players pick off opponents' shots from the backboard and streak for the other basket without waiting to organize a formal, down-court play in advance. Sometimes, when opponents are expecting the fast break, Rossini crosses them up by reverting to conventional, and slower, tactics.

Against Cornell, No. 2 in the Eastern League, Columbia switched to the slower game. It worked well enough. Though Cornell led for much of the game, the Lions turned on the heat to shoot ten goals in 2½ minutes at one point, another eight goals in the last two minutes, to win with points to spare.

With only seven games to go, most with teams it has already beaten, e.g., Yale, Princeton and Penn, Columbia looks like a cinch to represent the Eastern League in the N.C.A.A. championship playoffs next month. Rossini & Co. do not seem overwhelmed at the thought of running up against such national strong boys as Kentucky, Oklahoma A. & M. and Bradley. Says Rossini: "The Ivy League is as strong as any in the country. I think we'd win our share in any league."

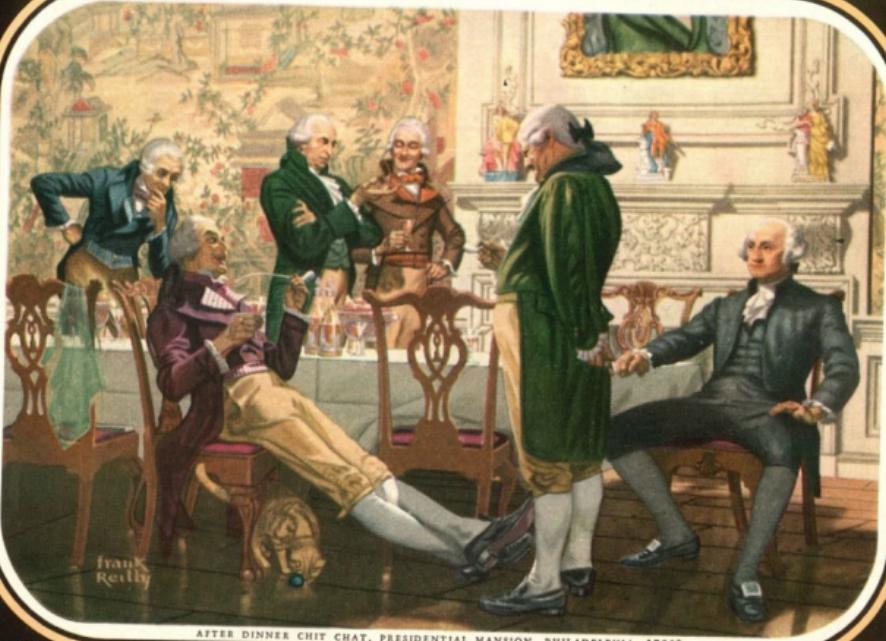
Who Won

J In Manhattan, Big Jim Fuchs, the New York A.C. shot-put title, with a 58-ft.-3½-in. heave, to break his own American indoor record of 57 ft. 7½ in.; Don Gehrmann his first Baxter mile and 38th consecutive win, by 4 ft., over Fred Wilt, in a fast 4:08.2.

J In Miami, fit (209 lbs.) ex-Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis over Cuban Omelio Agramonte in a unanimous decision, after ten poky rounds.



THE BIRDLIKE FIGURE is that of James Gehrdes of the Shanahan Catholic Club. The phototimer camera, long used in horse racing, has just caught him winning by a horizontal nose in a 60-yd. high hurdles race in Madison Square Garden last week.



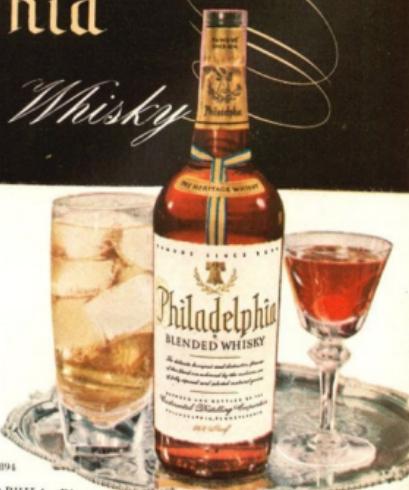
AFTER DINNER CHIT CHAT, PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, PHILADELPHIA, 1795*

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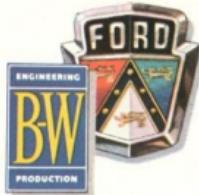
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SCIENCE

Case of the Barren Mink

The U.S. Department of Agriculture once advised chicken raisers to dose broiler pullets with the synthetic hormone stilbestrol. The drug stops the growth of ovaries in pullets, turns them into the fat, tender female equivalent of capons, which fetch a premium price.

Agriculture said further that stilbestrol should be administered as a pellet thrust under the skin of the pullet's neck. If the head and neck were removed, according to instructions, before the broiler was marketed, no human chicken-eater would get the remains of the pellet. To avoid waste, the department suggested feeding the chicken head to ranch mink.

Last month Agriculture became the target of a bill in Congress to pay Mink Rancher Henry J. Krueger of Elgin, Ill. \$55,591. Krueger's lawyers charged that, following official instructions, he fed stilbestrolized chicken heads to his mink. As a result, many young female mink had been made barren. They had to be prematurely "peled," i.e., become mink coats before becoming mothers. So did the mink of almost 30 other ranchers.

Hearings on the bill, which start soon, promise to be lively. Krueger's lawyers have horrid tales to tell, not only of mink but of men. They tell of a male sex criminal who was given stilbestrol to keep him under control. His genitals shrank, but his breasts developed alarmingly.

Supported by chicken raisers, Agriculture contends that so far there is no evidence that stilbestrolized broilers caponize human consumers. The Canadian government, not so sure, has forbidden the sale of stilbestrolized poultry.

Rain of Iron

Scientists have known for over 50 years that the great, round pit near Canyon Diablo, Ariz., is a meteorite crater. In *Scientific Monthly*, Dr. H. H. Nininger offers proof that it was made not by one but by two great meteorites hitting close together.

Scattered for miles around the crater are fragments of meteoric material. The soil itself, in spots, is full of microscopic droplets of nickel-iron (many thousands of them in each cubic foot). The fragments differ in chemical composition; some have melted, vaporized or been altered by heat. By studying such clues for more than ten years, Nininger has reconstructed what the "cosmo-terrestrial encounter" was like.

The invader from space probably had a large central body of nickel-iron with a smaller body of slightly different composition revolving around it like the moon around the earth. Traveling with these two were many small meteorites that hit the earth separately far from the main crater.

The whirling swarm with its double heart of iron approached the impact point from the north-northwest at 20 to 30

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miles a second, and at a vertical angle of about 30°. The meteorite "moon" was moving on its orbit about 800 ft. away from the line of flight of the meteorite "earth," and considerably behind it. Each collected on its forward side a layer of highly compressed air equivalent in mass to many feet of rock. The air shell of the big meteorite hit the earth first, acting like high explosive and blasting a preliminary crater.

A fraction of a second later the main mass of iron hit the rock. It was traveling so fast that the heat of impact vaporized most of it. As the fiery jet of metallic vapor spouted out of the crater, the second meteorite struck and burrowed under the rim of rock tilted upward by the first. Most of it, too, turned into iron vapor and spouted into the air.

Nininger does not believe that important masses of iron are buried under the crater. Chunks found near the rim, he thinks, were loosely attached parts that somehow escaped the heat. The rest of the two main meteorites flashed into vapor and fell to earth as a deluge of white-hot iron rain.

Crystal X Ray

Some industries use X rays to look for flaws in their products, but the apparatus is expensive, cumbersome. This week G.E. announced a new X-ray detector that enables simple equipment to do many inspecting jobs.

Heart of the system is an artificially grown crystal of cadmium sulphide, which acts as a sort of amplifier tube when excited by X radiation. It multiplies by 1,000,000 the energy it gets from X rays, so the X-ray generator can be weak, cheap, safe.

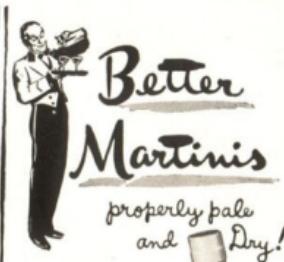
In practice, a slender pencil of X rays is shot through the material to be examined. The rays that pass through are detected by the crystal and turned into electric current. If the current is stronger than standard, indicating a void or flaw in the material, the apparatus rings a bell or flashes a light.

The new gadget has already inspected, by X ray, such products as rubber heels, blasting fuses, cans of baby food and other packaged goods. Its first full-scale use is in a military production problem that G.E. cannot talk about.

Myxomatosis

Australia's rabbit eats a quarter of the country's pasture. Cattlemen have tried poison, fences, shot & shell—all without success. Last week a new weapon promised to cut the rabbit down to size.

The weapon: a peculiar disease called myxomatosis, which is harmless to humans and other animals, deadly to rabbits. Scientists launched myxomatosis epidemic by catching 500 rabbits, giving them the needle, turning them loose. Since a rabbit does not die until ten or twelve days after being infected, it has plenty of time to pass the disease around. In Asia's "Year of the Rabbit" (see WAR IN ASIA), hordes of Australian rabbits had already been myxomatized.



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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Billy Budd (adapted from Herman Melville's story by Louis O. Coxe & Robert Chapman; produced by Chandler Cowles & Anthony B. Farrell) is a brave shot at a difficult target. On its own terms the sea story that constitutes Herman Melville's valedictory to life is certainly great enough. But to recast it for the theater means tackling a subject far deeper than the sea, grappling with a far-from-well-told story. It means handling utterance that now soars on wings, now walks



John Seymour Erwin

DENNIS KING & THORIN THATCHER
Good-& Evil is too simple, too complex.

on stilts. It means working with characters that are essentially black & white, must not become flesh & blood. In essence, Melville's tale of the mystery of good & evil is both too simple and too complex for the stage.

The story takes place aboard H.M.S. *Indomitable* in 1798, the year after the British mutiny at the Nore. Billy Budd is a handsome, blue-eyed, stammering young sailor who radiates innocence and good will, and is a favorite with the whole ship. The one exception is the master-at-arms, John Claggart, a figure of Mephistophelean evil, who, hating all goodness, cannot but hate Billy Budd and plot his destruction. He accuses Billy, in the presence of high-principled Captain Vere, of fomenting mutiny.

Shocked by the accusation, blocked by his stammer from denying it, Billy can only strike at Claggart, with a blow that kills him. At the subsequent court-martial, the Captain is agonized between his duty to "war's child," the Act of Mutiny, and his compassion for what might be his own child. But the tyranny of law, how-



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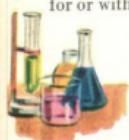
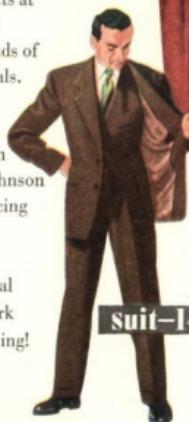
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ever harsh, he finds less hateful than the tyranny of lawlessness; and he decrees that Billy Budd must hang.

Playwrights Coxe & Chapman have understood Melville's story. They have not sentimentalized it. They have kept Billy from seeming a mere goody-goody. They have banished all bravura from the trial scene. They have contrived a very quiet scene where the Captain tells Billy of his fate. Moreover, they are well served by Norris Houghton's direction, Paul Morrison's fine stage sets, the acting of Dennis King, Torin Thatcher, Charles Nolte as the Captain, Claggart, Billy.

But neither on its own terms nor on Melville's is *Billy Budd* completely satisfying. It suffers from a need for merely life-sized motivations and actions: the rattan-raising, crew-terrorizing Claggart is too conventional a villain; the Captain is too ordinary a disciplinarian. The play also suffers from that iron law of stages, the 11 o'clock curtain. For two acts it stirs in a good deal of miscellaneous material, from a comically brief sea fight to a farcical midshipman out of *Mister Roberts*.

It emerges half transcendental tragedy, half merely nautical melodrama. It would perhaps prosper best on the stage as a kind of Mystery Play, with a medieval sense of moral affirmation. It seems alien to Broadway, though it is more interesting, whatever its faults, than the great run of Broadway plays.

Ti-Coq (by Fridolin; produced by Fridolin Productions in association with Lee & J. J. Shubert) brought Canada's most popular comic to Broadway. Fridolin (real name: Gratien Gélinas) rose to fame through a series of revues (*TIME*, March 19, 1945), then wrote *Ti-Coq*, which he has performed—in French and English—for some 2½ years. A negligible play, it was a less than inspired vehicle, closed after three performances.

Ti-Coq (*L'il Rooster*) is about a World War II Canadian soldier at odds with life because of his illegitimate birth and orphanage upbringing. Then, spending Christmas at another soldier's home, he falls in love with the fellow's sister, becomes enraptured with family life. During his years overseas, the girl reluctantly marries someone else. *Ti-Coq* returns home crushed, to find that the girl still cares and would run away with him. But would they be committing a sin not to find a better solution?

Ti-Coq is a simple story, and perhaps needs only a finer touch to seem thoroughly touching. But Fridolin not only lacks skill at playwriting, so that his play strangles through a dozen jerky scenes; he shows no reticence about emotion, contrives a dozen tearjerky situations. There are effective and unacknowledged moments, but in general *Ti-Coq* raises soap-opera glasses to its already moist eyes.

A playwright of too many scenes, Fridolin is also an actor of too few gestures—a constant toss of the head, fling of the hand, flexing of the body. Nonetheless, at times he does seem a scrappy bantam; his humor does have a certain accent of life.

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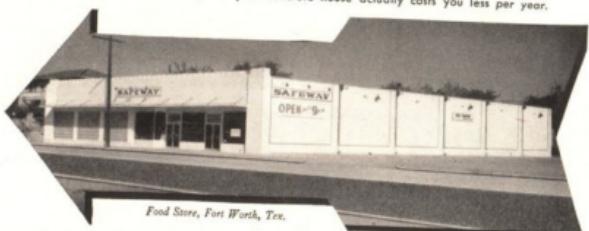
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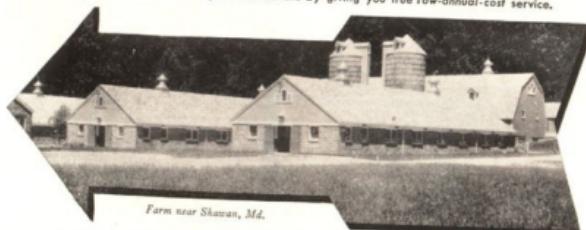
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RADIO & TV

Viewers

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"Television has its greatest influence on the young and the people with limited education. For them TV broadens the horizons as nothing else could... It is the greatest means of educating people and giving them facts ever dreamed of."—John S. Meck, TV manufacturer.

They'll Look at Anything

The network TV shows that originate in Chicago and New York (or on film in Hollywood) are usually star-studded and popular. But there are 90-odd stations in big & little U.S. cities which must fill up the rest of their TV time with local shows, locally produced.

How good are they? Are local stations developing performers, writers and production men who will set the future course of television? Last week TIME correspondents across the nation reported on what is happening in grass-roots television. With few exceptions, they found dullness, feebleness, failure.

Seamy Side. The prevalent attitude is summed up by a Rochester critic who says that "people will watch anything, good, bad or indifferent." The result is a flood of amateur hours, quizzes, shopping talks, gabby interviews, ear-numbing commercials. Local shows tend to be pale reflections of network programs. In Bob Dale, Cleveland has a "skinny Arthur Godfrey." Washington features puppets, girls pretending to be elves, a disc jockey who silently mouths the words his records play. Memphis boasts an unhandy Handy Man named Peter Thomas who convulses viewers by spilling paste on his sponsor and gravy on his guests. Louisville applauds the low-comedy antics of Jim Walton (a blindfolded woman from the studio audience sews a red heart on the seat of a man's pants).

Southern Californians complacently call Los Angeles TV "probably the nation's worst." Houston stars "Texas Ruby," whose hymn-singing draws top program mail. TV screens in the South and West resound with hillbilly music; in the Midwest, with quizzes; in the East, with teenage showoffs—sometimes talented, but more often not.

Bright Side. Surprisingly few stations try for regional color. San Antonio's KEVL, spurred by a large Latin American audience, puts on a flavorful south-of-the-border show in *Spanish Varieties*.

Milwaukee's station WTMJ-TV and New Orleans' station WDSU-TV are outstanding examples of what can be done with some imagination and a lot of hard work. Milwaukee's Polish and German residents tap their feet to lively schottisches and polkas played by the Grena-



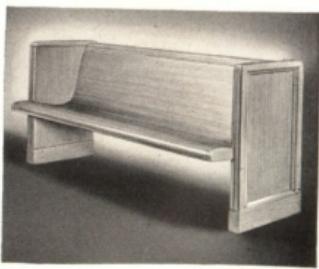
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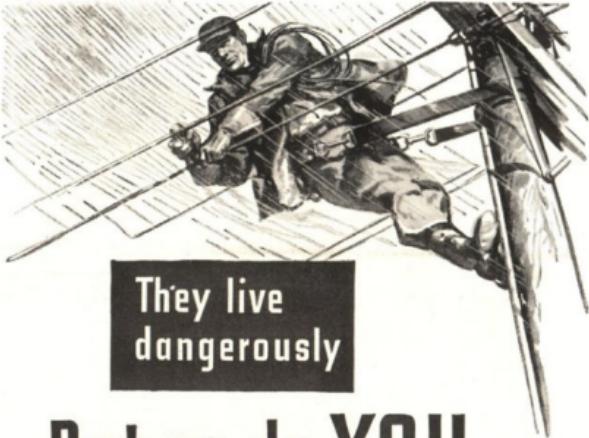
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diers, a 19-year-old band that has become a Wisconsin institution. For youngsters, there is "hot" Pianist Tommy Sheridan; for oldsters, a schmalzsy program of old songs called *Let's Remember*. Every Sunday, WTMJ-TV sends a mobile crew and two cameras to telecast services from a different Milwaukee church.

New Orleans celebrates its Vieux Carré with Dixieland bands ("old-style" like that of Papa Celestin, and such jazzed-up "new-style" as Sharkey Bonano's), and with a cooking program featuring chefs from Antoine's, Arnaud's, Galatoire's.

Looking Around. TVmen in other cities attribute the poor quality of their local shows to lack of money and talent. But a few enterprising stations have found unexpected riches in their own backyards by inviting the cooperation of home-town civic groups, museums, universities. Baltimore's WAAM-TV got together with



Caroline Valenta

HOUSTON'S "TEXAS RUBY"
Everywhere, pale reflections.

Johns Hopkins University to put on *Science Review*, a network show. Boston's WBZ-TV and the Museum of Science produce *Living Wonders*, the best of the local crop. Western Reserve, the California Academy of Sciences and the Universities of Buffalo and Louisville are working with other local stations. Cleveland's WEWS drew one of its biggest audiences with an hour-long telecast of Menotti's opera, *The Medium*, staged by the famed Karamu Players. When a strike closed city schools, Minneapolis put classes on the air, was staggered by their instant popularity (Time, Feb. 5).

It may be that U.S. TV stations don't need more money or experience as much as they just need to look around.

Smellies

In Washington, the Government announced that patent No. 2,540,144 had been granted to Engineer-Inventor Emery Stern for a device which will "automatically release" various scents from containers built into TV sets. Set off by electrical impulses, the odors are intended to be appropriate to the type of program, e.g., peach blossom for romance.

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Opera in Texas

La Traviata: "The tale of a cutie with a cough and no four-way pills."

Lucia di Lammermoor: "Her brother done her dirt, and she went nuts on E flat above high C."

Samson and Delilah: "Moral: never let a dancing girl get in your hair."

With such thumbnail plot summaries, a 56-year-old disc jockey named Reuben Bradford is selling opera to Texans. On Dallas' station WFAA, his *Opera Once Over Lightly* is beamed directly at "the taxi-driver who likes Figaro, but doesn't know why."

Son of a railway worker and great-grandson of a Methodist bishop, Bradford picked up his Runyonesque jargon as a carnival piano player, horse trainer, apprentice embalmer, boxer ("I was stomped on up and down the border for five pesos and a bowl of chili per fight"). He once carried a spear in *Aida* when Caruso sang Radames.

As a man who learned fugues before fractions, Bradford is content to spin recordings of 24 operas for a salary of \$25 a week. He is never disrespectful to the music of opera, only its plots: "What is opera but some of the world's finest sounds wrapped up in the world's silliest stories?"

Double Standard

Aiming at "consistency" of voice and treatment, BBC last week cut its staff of 19 newscasters to eight. The eight finalists were chosen from recordings of the voices of 100 BBC announcers. No women were auditioned, said a BBC spokesman, because "experience shows that a large number of people do not like momentous or serious events . . . read by the female voice."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Feb. 16. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 1:30 p.m., ABC). *Götterdämmerung*, with Helen Traubel.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Soloist: Pianist Myra Hess.

The Big Show (Sun. 6 p.m., NBC). Guests: Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Ed Wynn, Lauritz Melchior.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Promise*, with Gloria Swanson, Hume Cronyn, Margaret Phillips.

TELEVISION

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse (Fri. 9 p.m., ABC). Helen Hayes in *Mary of Scotland*. **Showtime . . . U.S.A.** (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Guests: Eva Gabor, Ben Blue, Dick Haymes.

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). *To the Lovely Margaret*, with Margaret O'Brien.

On Trial (Mon. 9:30 p.m., ABC). "Should the Price Freeze Be Extended to Food?"

Four Star Revue (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante, with José Ferrer.



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EDUCATION

Clincher

In Oklahoma City, President George L. Cross of the University of Oklahoma, arguing for more money, used a new pitch with the appropriations committee of the state legislature last week: "We're working," he told them, "to develop a university the football team can be proud of."

Newest Shining Wonder

Umphrey Lee is a big, good-natured man who manages to resemble neither preacher, scholar, historian nor college president. The fact that he is all of these things—and a man of tact and horse sense, too—goes a long way to explain the rise of Southern Methodist University. Last week, already the biggest private university in the Southwest and still sprouting, S.M.U. proudly dedicated its newest shining wonder: a \$3,500,000 school of theology, consisting of seven pink brick, Georgian-style buildings spread on 16 acres of the S.M.U. campus.

As usual, President Lee disclaimed credit. This time the credit went to Joe J. Perkins, multimillionaire merchant and oilman of Wichita Falls, and his wife Lois. The Perkinses had put up \$2,500,000 toward the new theology school and, better yet, had handed the school a thoughtful endowment: 50 going oil wells in east Texas.

Domes & Dormers. S.M.U. has trebled in enrollment (to 7,250) and assets (to \$24 million) since Umpfrey Lee took over in 1939. In those days the 133-acre S.M.U. campus, just north of Dallas, had twelve buildings. Now it sparkles with the gold domes, white dormers and tall steeples of 28. Umpfrey Lee (who explains the Umphrey by saying, "Some of my ancestors just couldn't spell") thinks that he raised maybe \$6,000 toward all this.

There is truth and good sense in Lee's

attitude. Building schools is a passion with Texans,* and nearly every college in the state has construction either under way or blueprinted. As Umphrey puts it: "There is an atmosphere of achievement and a healthy attitude toward giving. People do not ask, 'Can it be done?' They know it can. All they want to know is whether it is desirable."

Lee admires Texas and Texans all right, but the admiration is mutual. At 57, he symbolizes the practical, constructive faith of the state and the Southwest in general. Indiana-born, he moved to Texas in time to be one of the first students S.M.U. had. He took an M.A. in history there in 1916, then went to Columbia and Union Theological Seminary for more study. Eventually, out of all this came an analytical study of Methodist John Wesley—*The Lord's Horseman*, Lee called him. Out of it came also a desire to get back to Texas. His first jobs back home were pastorates in several small Texas towns; later came the pastorate of the big Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas, finally the presidency of S.M.U.

Thought & Belief. Nowadays, pretty close to being the recognized No. 1 citizen of Dallas, Umpfrey Lee is a busy man. He belongs to such potent organizations as the Citizens' Council, the organization of businessmen without whom nothing can be done in Dallas, and the ultra-select Thirteen Club, a group of 13 who get together periodically to hash over world and local problems. Non-smoking, non-drinking, Lee has no advice to thrust on those who do. He likes to tell of one friend who drinks deeply and then often calls Lee up to tell him what's wrong

* Not new. In the 1840s, an English traveler visited a Texas frontier community, sardonically recorded in his journal that "they have built two colleges and have logs cut for a university."



S.M.U.'s \$3,500,000 THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Texans don't ask, "Can it be done?" They know it can.

Squire Hastings



Loughhead

LEE (CENTER) & PERKINSES

The admiration is mutual.

with S.M.U. Football is another thing that President Lee takes in stride. It does not worry him overmuch that S.M.U. consistently has one of the best football teams in the U.S. Texas likes good football, and so does Umphrey Lee.

But all this, in Lee's mind, is secondary to "the main business" of S.M.U.: teaching students to think. And, says he, "the older I get, the surer I am that it is not only important to know how to think, but that it is important to know what to think about."

"No higher education, professional or otherwise, can afford to neglect philosophy, literature and religion. In a country as practical as the Southwest, one would think the public would demand only the scientific and the practical. For some reason, a considerable portion of the Southwest thinks that there is no harm in believing something." No thunderer, no John Wesley, Umphrey Lee stops short of telling Texans exactly what to believe. His sermons are built with brick and stone.

Journey for Margaret

For 26 years Margaret Schlauch (Barnard, '18) has been a member of the English faculty of New York University. Since she seldom discussed politics—never dragged them into her Chaucer classes—it never seemed to make any difference that she called herself a "Marxist." Last week Margaret Schlauch's friends remembered her quiet Marxism with a shock. Writing from Stockholm, she told N.Y.U. that instead of coming back she was taking a job at the Communist-dominated University of Warsaw.

America, Professor Schlauch feared, was no longer for her. "I am afraid that the economic and political future at home is not auspicious, not even for a Chaucer specialist, if such a person has been and still is a Marxist (no matter how undogmatic) and doesn't intend to deny it; and

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Extra Dry Martini, 65 proof
Old Fashioned, 70 proof
Gibson, very, very dry, 75 proof

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if she moreover condemns the foreign policy leading to war."

The letter had a more personal side. Last year Professor Schlauch's younger sister Helen and Helen's Polish-born husband, a mathematician at the University of Toronto, sold their house in Canada and moved to Warsaw. Her brother-in-law told Margaret last summer that she, too, could have "some kind of post."

In fact, "everything has been done to make the way smooth for me." In Stockholm, the wife of the Polish Minister he'd ped her shop for heavy clothes she would need for the Polish winters. "They [the Polish Minister & wife] both keep

telling me what a vast need there is for trained people in the educational system of their country . . . Once you're established, they say, the sky is the limit for talents."

Wrote Margaret Schlauch: "I'm sitting in a hotel room in Stockholm at this minute, looking out on a cold grey sky, trying to realize what all this means.

"I can't, really."

Said N.Y.U. Dean Thomas C. Pollock: "We will be interested in this 'Journey for Margaret,' and we will be interested to learn whether in years to come she will enjoy equal freedom at the University of Warsaw as a teacher there."

MILESTONES

Born. To Leopold III, 49, dethroned King of the Belgians, and his second wife, Mary Liliane Baels, Princess de Rechy, 34; their second child (his fifth), a daughter, in Brussels. Name: Marie-Christine Daphné Astrid Elisabeth Léopoldine. Weight: 6 lbs. 10 oz.

Married. Terry Moore, 22, starlet; and Glenn Davis, 26, one-time Army halfback (TIME Cover, Nov. 12, 1945), professional football player (Los Angeles Rams); in Glendale, Calif.

Married. Grania Guinness, 39, British beer heiress, daughter of the late Lord Moyne; and Oswald Constantine John Phipps, fourth Marquess of Normanby, 38; in a suspenseful ceremony in Lythe, England. When the presiding Archbishop of York reached the point of asking if anyone had "just cause" for objection, 300-wedding guests were startled when a pale little man jumped up and cried, "Yes, I have, my Lord Archbishop." His Grace paused and looked up for an instant at Thomas Trueman, 45, who believes he has some claim to the bridegroom's Normanby title and estates. But the archbishop gave Mr. Trueman no opportunity to state his objections, and the little man retired dourly to the rear of the church.

Married. His Imperial Majesty, Mohamed Reza Pahlevi, 31, Shahinshah (King of Kings) of Iran, and Soraya Esfandiari, 18, Europe-schooled daughter of a chief of the proud Bakhtiari tribe by his German wife; in glittering Marmar Palace, Teheran, Iran. Wearing a Dior silver lamé gown with 6,000 diamonds, the bride rode to the simple ceremony in a gold-trimmed Rolls-Royce. The Shah ordered festivities limited to one day, food distributed to the poor. Among the wedding gifts: a \$1,500 crystal bowl from Harry Truman, a mink coat (reported value: \$150,000) from Joseph Stalin, a \$70,000 hospital from the British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd.

Died. Eddy (Edwin Frank) Duchin, 41, pianist-orchestra leader of radio, screen and ballroom, famed for his frilly "society" style; of leukemia, on the day the Navy

awarded him a citation for meritorious service in World War II; in Manhattan. Son of a Boston druggist, Duchin disappointed his father by not sticking to his family business. His first wife, Socialite Marjorie de Loosy Oelrichs, died in 1937, six days after giving birth to a son. In 1947 he married Maria Teresa Paske-Smith Winn, daughter of a British diplomat.

Died. Mother Marie Yvonne Aimée de Jésus (née Beauvais), 49, superior-general of the Augustinian nuns in France and England, who sheltered wounded World War II paratroopers from the Gestapo by disguising them as nuns; in Malestroit, France.

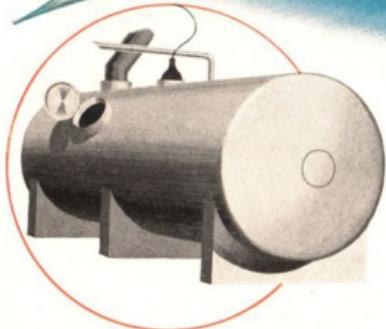
Died. Robert Crooks Stanley, 74, board chairman and longtime president (1922-50) of the International Nickel Co. of Canada, Ltd., world's biggest producer of nickel and platinum, one of the biggest producers of copper; of a heart attack; on Staten Island, N.Y. Mining Engineer Stanley discovered Monel metal, widely used industrial alloy, helped develop the famed Niobrara (cobalt) mine. In World War II, International Nickel delivered to the Allies 1,500,000,000 lbs. of nickel and 1,750,000,000 lbs. of copper.

Died. Fritz Thyssen, 77, one of Germany's top prewar industrialists, "the man who made Hitler"; of a heart attack; in Buenos Aires.

Died. Mrs. Hetty Sylvia Ann Howland Green Wilks, 80, probably the world's richest woman (worth \$100 to \$125 million), daughter of Hetty Green, "The Witch of Wall Street" (1835-1916); in Manhattan. As a girl, she often lived in shabby flats, cooked and sewed to save pennies for her millionaire mother. She grew up an ungainly recluse, usually dressed in black, at 38 married 57-year-old Matthew Astor Wilks, great-grandson of Millionaire John Jacob Astor I. Wilks left her a mere million to add to nearly \$50 million from her mother, \$43 million from her brother. Like her mother, she spent little on herself, less on others, multiplied her fortune through stocks and real estate. She left no immediate heirs.



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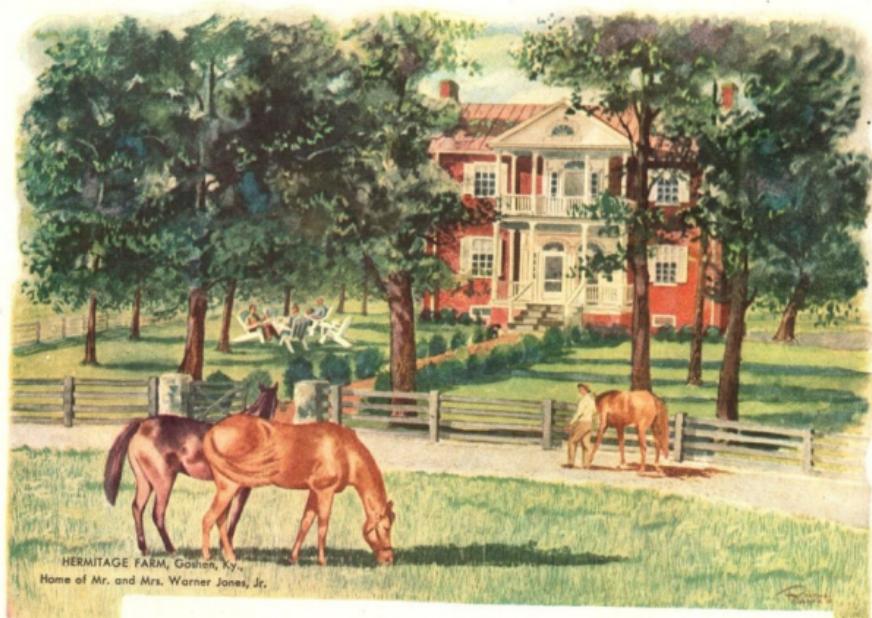
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with friendly whiskey to establish a heritage of hospitality
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MEDICINE

Deep-Frozen Woman

When the policeman found Mrs. Dorothy Mae ("Johnny") Stevens, 23, lying in a Chicago alley at 7:45 a.m., the temperature was eleven below, and Johnny was apparently dead. Her body seemed as hard as a rock. Said the cop: "I could have sworn she was dead except all of a sudden she groaned."

An ambulance took her to Michael Reese Hospital, where an intern gave her a shot of coramine and caffeine. Then Staff Surgeon Harold Laufman and other doctors went to work on her.

Stiff Eyeballs. Johnny's arms and legs were frozen solid. Her abdomen was stiff; her jaw locked tight. "Even her eyeballs," says Dr. Laufman, "were crystal hard. They were like two glass beads." Her temperature could not be taken at once, because regular clinical thermometers do not go low enough. After an hour and a half, a laboratory thermometer was found and used rectally. Her temperature then was 64.4° F.—far below the point generally considered fatal.

When this medically fascinating news was flashed around the hospital, doctors crowded into the emergency ward to see still-frozen Johnny. Some of them knew her of old; she was a pretty tough girl, even for Chicago's South Side. Only last week she was charged with assault for almost cutting her husband's ear off.

The doctors set the room temperature at 68° to thaw her out. They injected plasma for shock. Dr. Laufman gave her 200 milligrams of cortisone. "I still don't know if it did any good," he says, "but her temperature started to rise at a sharp rate." At 3:30 p.m. it was 77°, at 8 p.m. 86°, and her pulse and respiration were almost normal. Johnny woke up, opened her eyes and said: "I'm cold."

Quick Freeze. Next morning she was close to normal. Her temperature had leveled off at about 101°, she could see perfectly well with eyes that had been frozen hard 24 hours before. "She has feeling in all her limbs," Dr. Laufman says wonderingly. She may have to lose only the tips of her fingers, if even that. This is not like the frostbite cases you've read about in Korea. It is not frostbite, but a frozen state of animation. I don't know what to call it but a deep freeze."

If Johnny recovers fully, she will star in medical history. The Nazis, who chilled men & women deliberately, found that their victims died when their temperatures had fallen into the 50s and 70s. For some unknown reason, Johnny's heart managed to keep beating slowly. If her frozen limbs escape amputation, it may be because they were frozen quickly by Chicago's fierce cold. When tissues freeze slowly, large ice crystals form in the cells and kill them by puncturing their walls. In quick-frozen tissues (as in quick-frozen foods), the crystals do not get large enough to do the same damage.

Dr. Laufman suspects that alcohol may



Chicago Herald-American—International
JOHNNY & MICHAEL REESE STAFFERS
Alcohol, coramine, caffeine.

have had something to do with Johnny's stubborn survival. She had been drinking heavily. He does not think that the alcohol acted like anti-freeze in an auto radiator, but he believes it may have had some effect.

Great Cyst at Burnips

There was nothing much wrong with stocky Mrs. Gertrude Levandowski, now 58, until her husband died ten years ago. Then she began to gain weight. She did her best to take care of her house outside the small town of Burnips, Mich. (pop. 250), but as she got fatter & fatter, housework became more difficult. When she reached nine feet in circumference, all she could do was sit on a strong chair, smile cheerfully and peel a few potatoes. Her son Charles, 17, took over the housework.

The local doctors looked grave and thoughtful. Her condition, they told her, was caused by an ovarian cyst that had grown to improbable size. Cysts can be removed, but Mrs. Levandowski also had a bad heart, they said. She could not stand an operation.

Six-Yard Dress. About 18 months ago a new doctor, A. G. Goude, came to Burnips and studied Mrs. Levandowski. By that time her roomiest dress, made of six yards of cloth, was getting too tight. Her abdomen hung to her swollen knees. Dr. Goude decided that her bad heart was caused by pressure of the cyst. If the cyst were removed by surgery, all might be well.

Mrs. Levandowski hung back for a time, but at last made a big decision. She did not believe the doctors could help her, but she could not live much longer anyway,

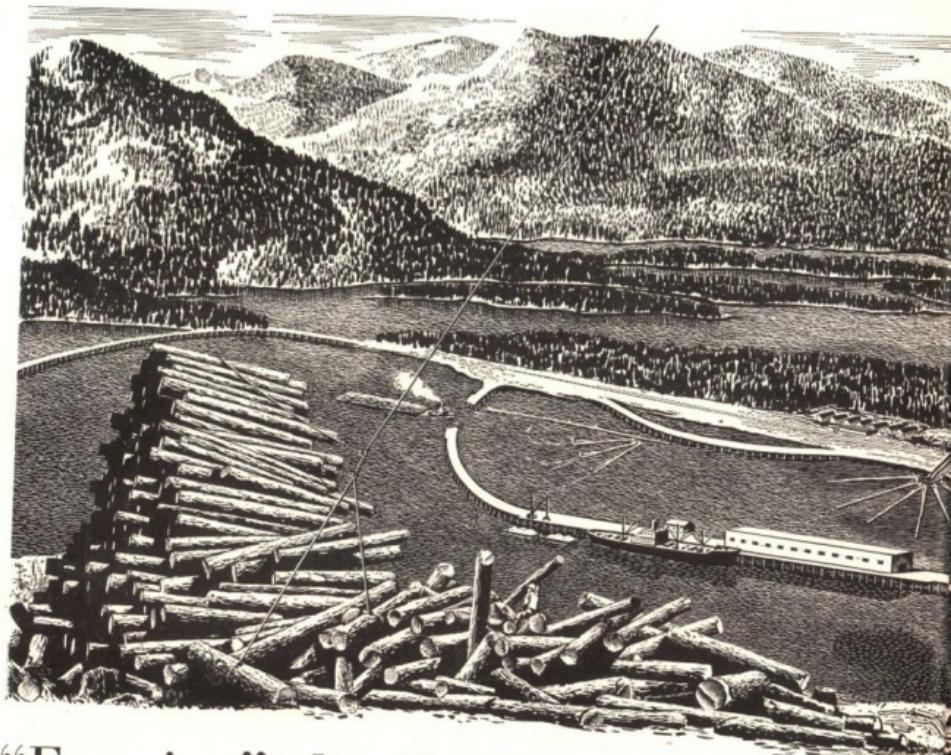
she thought, and if they operated on her, the doctors might discover something that would help other people. She told Dr. Goude to go ahead and try.

By careful maneuvering, Mrs. Levandowski was rigged into the ward of the Allegan Health Center. There was no single scale that could weigh her, so the staff moved two scales together and had her stand with one foot on each. Even this effort was ineffective. Both scales hit the 300 lbs. maximum. The doctors decided that she probably weighed about 620 lbs., which might make her the heaviest woman on record.

"Timber!" Waiting for her operation, Mrs. Levandowski was merry and full of jokes. To turn over in bed, she had to call for a task force of nurses. "They'd come arunning," she says, "and when they'd roll me over, I'd yell 'Timber!'"

During the operation, Dr. M. S. Roberts first tapped the cyst, drawing a fluid from it slowly, 120 drops a minute, so that no sudden loss of pressure would affect the heart. In four days he drew off some 200 lbs. of fluid. Then the cyst itself was removed. It was about the size of a bushel basket, weighed 150 lbs.

Mrs. Levandowski's heart held up. She is now convalescing cheerfully in her little house, surrounded by sons, daughters, grandchildren, dogs, a canary, a parakeet. She still weighs close to 300 lbs., but much of it is loosely flapping abdominal tissue that once enclosed the cyst. She looks forward to her next operation some time in May, when all this will be removed. "Then," she says with a twinkle, "I'll be streamlined."



“Farming” the Forests of the Pacific Northwest

One of the basic raw materials used in the manufacture of Celanese* products is pure cellulose, obtained principally from high grade spruce and hemlock wood pulp.

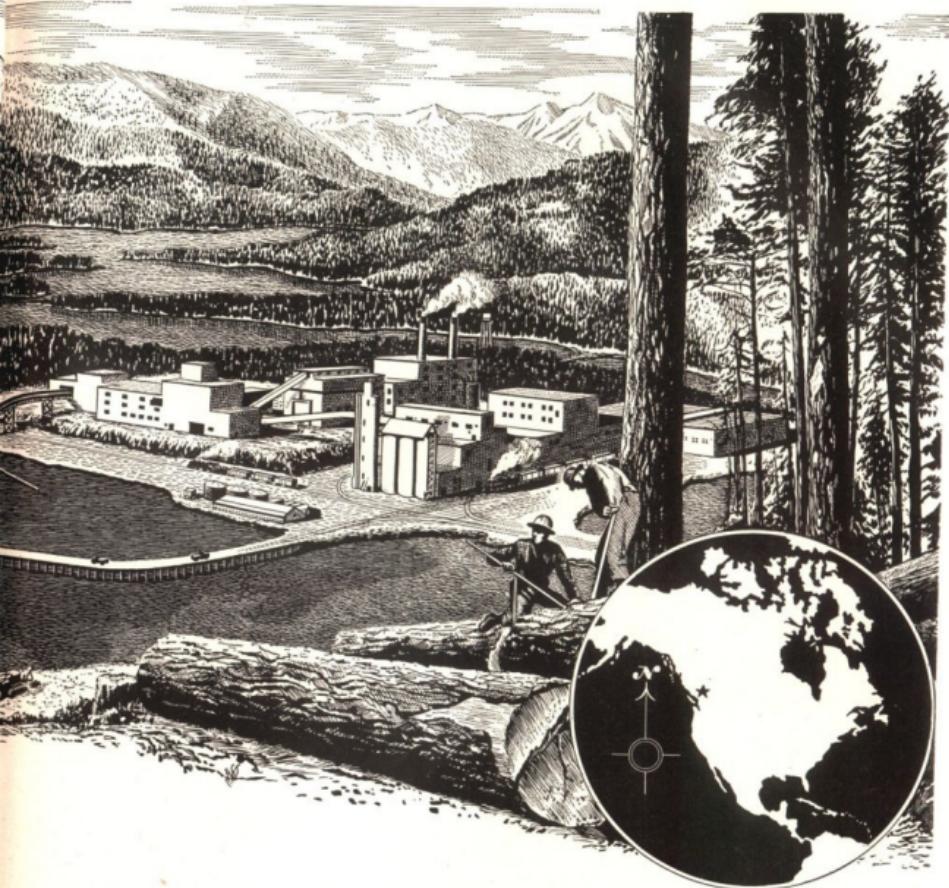
Even before World War II, Celanese management foresaw two trends: *First*, the gradual exhaustion of suitable American timber. *Second*, a rapidly increasing demand for Celanese products, requiring ever larger quantities of all raw materials, which in certain cases would exceed total available supply.

In an effort to assure a continuous supply of cellulose, Celanese negotiated the first Forest Management License with the Government of

British Columbia. Under this license Celanese has instituted a program of scientific logging and planned reforestation in a virgin area of northwestern Canada, some six hundred miles northwest of Seattle.

The orderly cutting and re-seeding of timber as a slow-growing farm crop, provides full utilization of natural resources, at the same time perpetually maintaining them. This is conservation at its highest level.

For operating efficiency, a huge mill has been constructed to convert the timber into pulp. This mill, built in the midst of what was untouched wilderness, is now in production, and will



provide Celanese with a substantial portion of its cellulose requirements, as well as helping relieve the present world-wide scarcity of pulp.

Essentially a Canadian operation, the program leads the way in the development and industrialization of a great new section of North America, providing many new jobs and substantial revenue to the provincial government and the community.

The planning behind an enterprise of this scope requires not only foresight and sound business judgment, but confidence as well. It is this kind of long term planning that is responsible for America's industrial strength today.

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all women

2. An audience confined to one single sex—the sex that accounts for the major share of all national retail purchases

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3. Selecting the home makers of the country—through editorial policies placing major emphasis on service information

Beginning in May, McCall's and Better Living will offer national advertisers the largest guaranteed magazine circulation available—5,400,000—all women—and all these women homemakers.

Alone, McCall's already delivers the sales messages of its advertisers into more than 4,000,000 homes. Alone, Better Living guarantees an average net paid circulation of 1,500,000 for the period May through December, 1951.

Together, these two service magazines—McCall's bought at newsstands, by subscription and in department stores, and Better Living at the check-out counters of approximately 4,000 independent super-markets—present national advertisers with the greatest value in the magazine field today. No other publisher can offer the unique advantages of such a combination.

Advertisers will also receive a special combination rate—a 2 percent discount based on equivalent space in both publications. Each magazine may also be bought separately at regular rates.

PRODUCT-MOVING ADVANTAGES OF THIS COMBINATION

Advertisers using McCall's and Better Living in combination will receive the combined promotion and merchandising activities of these two magazines.

McCall's regularly provides its advertisers with complete promotion at the local level—including an extensively utilized retail mat service for newspaper tie-in. In addition, it features during the year large-scale special in-store promotions in the fields of food, fashion, furnishings, home appliances, health and beauty.

Better Living will add to this a national service providing potent in-store merchandising influence right at the point of sale. This will take place through the thousands of member stores of the Super Market Institute.

Together, these services provide a completely rounded merchandising program augmenting and intensifying the influence of national advertising at the local retail level.

McCall's and Better Living

An Unbeatable Combination for Selling MOST American Women

BUSINESS & FINANCE

RETAIL TRADE

Merchant Grabbers

Despite all the scare buying by consumers, retail inventories are the highest ever. The Commerce Department reported last week that at year's end store stocks stood at a record \$16.1 billion v. \$13.1 billion in 1949. Since then, merchants have been buying faster than the public.

Atlanta's Rich's Inc., which usually does not start buying fall goods until May, has already bought up half its supply of wool clothing, blankets and sweaters. San Francisco's huge Emporium is bulging with all the things that are expected to become hard to get—furniture, woolens, metal goods, etc. Said a New York liquor dealer: "There's so much whisky stacked on Manhattan that an A-bomb blast would plaster half of Philadelphia."

But last week many a well-stocked retailer got a jolt. Retail sales, which had recently soared as much as 40% over last year's, dropped back to 1950 levels. Retailers blamed the drop on the freezing weather and the price freeze, which had stopped most of the beat-the-price-rise buying. If sales stay down, some of the frantic inventory buying, which has pushed up wholesale prices, is bound to diminish. Retailers are not yet worried about being caught with their stocks up. But soon they might be.

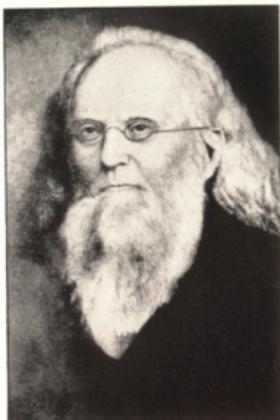
RAILROADS

Mid-America's Main Line

At 11 o'clock one bitter cold morning in Chicago last week, a deafening din arose from the Illinois Central Railroad's yards. Whistles shrieked, bells clanged, diesel engines blotted their air horns like dying cows. From a smoke-grimed overpass, Illinois' Governor Adlai E. Stevenson, who had set off the bedlam by tugging the rope of an old dismantled locomotive bell, cried gleefully: "There are a hundred trains here, and I bet every one of them is late!" Just as gleefully, Illinois Central's President Wayne Johnston cried back: "I'll bet they are, too!"

For once, Railroader Johnston didn't care. The Illinois Central was celebrating its 100th anniversary. All along its 6,543 miles of track between Chicago and New Orleans, the same tumult of bells and whistles broke loose on the "Main Line of Mid-America." The Illinois Central had plenty to boast about. It dominated the length & breadth of the Mississippi Valley—which Alexis de Tocqueville had called "the most magnificent dwelling place prepared by God for man's abode." The Central had opened up the dwelling place to man.

Prairie Wonder. The idea for the railroad was first advanced in 1835 by Colonel Sidney Breese, an Illinois prairie lawyer who later became U.S. Senator. Not till 16 years later did Senator Stephen A. Douglas win a grant of 2,595,000 acres



Main Line of Mid-America
COLONEL SIDNEY BREESE
In the wilderness, an idea.

from the Government—the first to any railroad—and persuade Eastern and British financiers (including Gladstone, Stephen Cunard and Economist Richard Cobden) to put up \$9,000,000 to construct a 705-mile "Y"-shaped road. It stretched north from Cairo, and forked to East Dubuque and Chicago.

To do the job, 100,000 laborers were brought into Illinois from the East and from Europe. The crews brawled incessantly because of the "numerous groggeries along the line." They were plagued

by cholera. But finally, on Jan. 8, 1855, the first through passenger train from Cairo reached Chicago, its coaches lit by dim whale-oil lamps. Along its right of way, flourishing villages sprang up. Soon the Central linked up with Mississippi steamboats, opened trade to the Gulf.

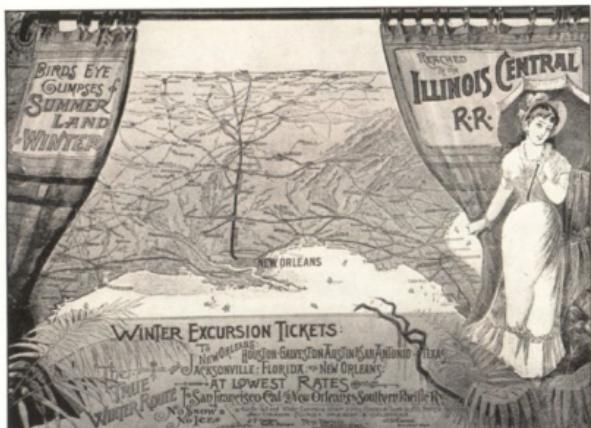
Across the Wide Ohio. The Central also was smart enough to spot an able lawyer in Sangamon County's Abe Lincoln. In 1855, for \$10 each, he defended 15 claims against the railroad. The following year he won its most important case—a tax suit—and collected a \$5,000 fee, the biggest he ever got. But he had to sue to get it.

After the Civil War, the road absorbed ex-Confederate railways in the Mississippi Valley and for the first time stretched its tracks all the way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

The Central helped both to change national habits and create folklore. It was one of the first to sponsor excursion tours to the South via its "True Winter Route" (see picture). And the folk hero of all U.S. railroading rose from the wreck near Grenada, Miss. in 1900, where Illinois Central Engineer John Luther ("Casey") Jones died with one hand on the brake, the other on the throttle.

Red Light & Highball. In 1883, Empire Builder Edward H. Harriman, who believed that "the Illinois Central was the best railroad in the country," bought

* Winter trippers enjoyed the cockfights and mule races in New Orleans, sunned in Galveston. Florida's coastal resorts were just opening up, thanks to Henry M. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway. Daytona Beach was the tourist center. Miami Beach and Palm Beach did not yet exist. Only adventuresome women dared to bathe, clad in knee-length, pantalooned dresses, corsets, and beach shoes.



ILLINOIS CENTRAL EXCURSION POSTER (1884)
After the groggeries and cholera, a dwelling place for man.

C. I. T. Corporation of New York told Elliott that

no other machine could do it

A few other
Elliott
models



Elliott address cards file like index cards



C. I. T.'s installment coupon requirements run into millions annually. This machine takes a blank roll of paper, large enough to make 32,000 individual coupons, and in one continuous operation prints, perforates, numbers and cuts off the exact number of finished coupons required for a given book and delivers them ready to staple into a cover. Data that is different in each book is printed by Elliott address cards stenciled on ordinary typewriters.



\$175



\$215



\$245



\$1100



\$1300



\$1200



\$4800



\$7100



\$9700

Have you an "impossible" addressing problem?

Elliott ADDRESSING
MACHINE CO.

147-A Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

enough stock to get on its board. By 1906 he took complete control.² The Illinois Central more than fulfilled Harriman's estimate. By 1931 it had paid out a total of \$310,300,000 in a golden flow of dividends uninterrupted since 1860.

But the combination of depression and increased truck and barge competition almost wrecked Central. It suspended dividends, and its stock, which had once hit \$184, fell to \$4.75. Control of the entire \$700,000,000 system could have been bought for only \$3,300,000. By trimming costs to the bone, President Lawrence Downs and his successor, John L. Beven, managed to pull the road through, though it was touch & go. One time, the papers were even drawn up to put it into bankruptcy. World War II sent the road highballing again, and Beven began using earnings to trim the \$368 million debt and buy new equipment. When Beven died in 1945, Wayne Johnston, who had started with the railroad at 22 as an accountant, stepped in, the first Illinois Central president born in Illinois (at Urbana).

Johnston trimmed the debt to \$238 million, spent \$134 million on equipment and improvements in five years. By 1949 Johnston had the Illinois Central in such healthy shape that he resumed payments on the preferred stock. Last year, when the road earned a net of \$29,123,632, the fattest in its history, he plunked out the first common dividend (\$3) since 1931. As a result, the common stock has soared from its 1941 low of \$4.25 to \$72.75 last week. This week, 53-year-old President Johnston was just as confident about the Main Line as Investor Cobden had been in the Panic of 1857. "That the stock will go up again . . . I have no doubt," wrote Cobden to a friend. "Nothing but an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature can impair the value . . . of the richest soil of the world."

WALL STREET

Little Fellows In

As the world's biggest brokerage firm, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane is a good barometer to show how many "little fellows" and new investors are in the stock market. Last week, when Merrill Lynch totted up its 1950 earnings, the barometer reading was clear; new investors had come into 1950's bull market in such a big way that Merrill Lynch's net income shot up to a record \$12.5 million —more than five times last year's. Merrill Lynch's 86 participating partners split a net profit (after taxes) of \$3,510,350.

To bring 85,000 new investors into its 106 offices during 1950, Merrill Lynch spent more than \$1,000,000 in research, advertising in newspapers and magazines, films, and exhibits at county fairs, women's clubs. It ran a three-page solid text advertisement in TIME. The new investor's interest in the market, said Senior Partner

* The Illinois Central has been a Harriman road ever since. Union Pacific Railroad Co., of which E. Roland Harriman is chairman, has working control of the stock.



Avoids Usual Summer Slump! Cafe Owner Keeps Patrons with Frigidaire Air Conditioning

MARSHALL, MISSOURI — "The first summer after I installed my Frigidaire Air Conditioner, I served capacity crowds even on hottest days," says A. K. Vasilopoulos, owner of Tony Cafe, 69 S. Lafayette. "I'm making extra profits and also can run my cafe more efficiently because business is constant throughout the entire year. I've used Frigidaire equipment for 12 years and know there's no better on the market. My Frigidaire Dealer, Jackson Appliance, in Marshall, gives us prompt, courteous service at all hours."



Self-Contained
Air Conditioner

FREE! See how you can
cut your costs—increase
your profits. Call your
Frigidaire Dealer today
for a free Refrigeration
Security Analysis of
your refrigeration equip-
ment. Or write: Frigidaire
Division of General
Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE—America's No. 1 Line of
Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Products

Atlas Corporation

33 Pine Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Dividend No. 37 on Common Stock

A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share has been declared, payable March 22, 1951, to holders of record at the close of business on February 19, 1951. Total amount of Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
February 3, 1951



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in these
columns

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from... **TIME** The Weekly Newsmagazine

Charles E. Merrill, was caused by the "realization that common stocks are the best hedge against inflation."

Merrill estimated that along with pension funds in 1951, \$10 billion in personal savings will have to be invested. To make sure it has the staff to handle its booming business, Merrill Lynch will school women for what has always been considered a man's job; it will train "customer's women" as well as "customer's men."

On the Curb

One evening last week, President Francis Adams Truslow* of the New York Curb Exchange called an old friend in Washington and offered him a big job. The friend: 40-year-old Securities & Exchange Commissioner Edward T. McCormick. The job: the \$40,000-a-year presidency of the Curb. Truslow explained that he was resigning to join a two-man State Depart-



J. G. Zimmerman
EDWARD McCORMICK
Plenty of fans.

ment commission to look into Brazil's opportunities for self-liquidating projects in power, transportation and agriculture, and had recommended McCormick as his successor. Was McCormick interested? He was. Next day, the Curb's board of directors named him president.

A Phi Beta Kappa economist from the University of Arizona, McCormick joined the fledgling SEC in 1934 as a \$1,900 analyst. He moved up in the New Deal hierarchy and set his heart on becoming a commissioner. In 1949, President Truman gave him what he wanted (TIME, Oct. 24, 1949).

Ed McCormick, who will take over his new Curb duties in April, already has plenty of fans in Wall Street. His knowledgeable book, *Understanding the Securities Act and the SEC*, is a bestseller in its field.

* First cousin of the late historian James Truslow Adams.

This announcement appears for purposes of record only. These securities have not been and are not being offered to the public.

Not a New Issue

326,000 Shares

American Optical Company

Common Shares without par value

The sale of the above shares privately to a limited number of investors has been negotiated by the undersigned.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

February 2, 1951

The advertisement features a central illustration of a anthropomorphic glass with a face, wearing a bow tie, holding a small bunch of grapes. Above the glass, the text reads: "a wee bit smoother", "a wee bit mellower", and "a wee bit tastier". To the right, a bottle of "PETER DAWSON SPECIAL BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY" is shown next to a small figure of a waiter carrying a tray. The text "naturally because it's the 'Spirit' of Scotland" is written above the waiter. At the bottom left, there is a logo for "JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC." and the text "SOLE U.S. AGENTS". The main title "PETER DAWSON SCOTCH" is prominently displayed in large, bold letters. A small note at the bottom right states: "Blended Scotch Whiskies Both 86.8 Proof".

Price Changes?



Put new prices on record in minutes.
Notify all customers at once by
Telegram.

For any business purpose

**A TELEGRAM
DOES THE JOB
BETTER**

WESTERN UNION

APPOINTMENTS

ARRIVING SCRANTON 3 P.M. MONDAY.
HAVE FIGURES ON JOB WE DISCUSSED.
WOULD APPRECIATE APPOINTMENT.

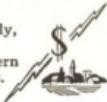
WESTERN UNION

INVITATIONS

SPECIAL SHOWING OF NEW LINE
SCHEDULED WEDNESDAY. CORDIALLY
INVITE YOU TO ATTEND.

MONEY ORDERS

Transfer funds quickly,
safely, anytime,
anywhere with Western
Union Money Orders.



GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Sporting Life. At Chicago's auto show this week, Nash will show off its two-seater sports roadster, the first such car produced by a major U.S. manufacturer in 20 years. The Nash Healey, designed for Nash by Great Britain's famed Donald Healey Co., is only 38 inches from road to hood top. It is powered by a 125-h.p. version of Nash's six-cylinder Ambassador engine, can do 125 m.p.h. The engine and major mechanical parts will be made by Nash, the bodies by Healey in England. The car will be assembled by Healey, then shipped to the U.S. Price: \$4,000.

Cool Hole. Coal will soon be transported by pipeline by the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Co. The company will spend \$550,000 on a twelve-inch, three-mile experimental pipeline near Cadiz, Ohio. The coal will be crushed fine, mixed with water to form a mudlike "slurry," and pumped through the pipe. At the end, the coal will be dried.

Shoppers' Guide. Manhattan's Telegift, Inc. teamed up with Western Union to wire gifts almost anywhere in the U.S. The customer calls Western Union, names the gift and the recipient, and Western Union takes care of the rest. Telegift has signed up 18 stores, will invite a total of 150, charge them a 15% commission for the sale, bill the customer the list price of the gift. Some 5,000,000 pocket gift catalogues will be distributed all over the U.S. when Telegift swings into operation on May 7.

Thin Tin. Weirton Steel Co. found a way to save tin in tin cans, thus help ease the critical tin shortage. A new plating process puts a thick layer of tin on one side of a steel sheet, a thin one on the other. Methods now in general use put the same thickness on both sides, although tin cans need the thick layer only on the inside. The new plating process, said Weirton President Thomas E. Millsop, will save at least 25% on tin.



NASH TWO-SEATER ROADSTER
First in 20 years.

CORPORATIONS

Opening the Door

For months, Monsanto Chemical Co. has been knocking on the door of the Atomic Energy Commission, trying to get it to open its program to private enterprise. Last week AEC let Monsanto in. It gave Monsanto the job of determining whether private industry can build and operate a plant to use atomic energy to generate electric power, the first such contract AEC has handed out.

Monsanto thought that if anyone could do the job, it could be done by Executive Vice President Charles Allen Thomas, 51. A brilliant scientist (D.Sc., M.I.T. '33), Thomas had helped develop no-knock ethyl gasoline, was awarded the civilian Medal for Merit for his work as project director of the Oak Ridge A-bomb plant during World War II, is now boss of several AEC projects being carried out by Monsanto. Thomas is confident that private industry can develop atomic power more cheaply than the Government. Said he: "It will serve the additional purpose of giving the country a check on what bureaucracy—namely, the AEC—is doing."

Only a month ago, AEC Commissioner Sumner Pike said he doubted whether atomic power plants could ever make electricity cheap enough to be commercially feasible. Thomas thinks he can do it.

In his projected plant, he will use uranium supplied by AEC, charge AEC a fee for turning it into plutonium. The tremendous heat, now a waste byproduct of the process, will be used to run a steam generating plant. By charging a fee for making the plutonium, Thomas thinks that the cost of producing electricity can be brought down to current commercial rates. By using the cheap electric power to manufacture chemicals, he thinks Monsanto can afford to make plutonium at a lower cost than in AEC's own plants.

Monsanto has another string to its bow. There are big phosphate beds in such remote areas as southwestern Idaho, and Thomas would like to develop them. To

Gordon Parks—Life



George Harris—Black Star

VIA THE ATOM, A CHECK ON BUREAUCRACY.

do so requires plenty of electric power, and there is no practical method of supplying it now. Thomas believes that an atomic power plant is the answer.

If Monsanto decides that the plan is practical, and AEC approves, it still has some high fences to hurdle. For one, it must raise from \$25 to \$40 million in private capital. But Thomas thinks the fences can be cleared. Said he: "If everything works out . . . the plant might well be in operation in three years."

Comeback for Mack

To most Americans, the phrase "built like a Mack truck" conveys a feeling of strength and durability. Founded by three machinist-blacksmiths and wagonmakers in 1900, Mack Trucks, Inc. made the first gas-driven bus (for sightseeing in Brooklyn's Prospect Park), the first motor-driven hook & ladder. Mack soon became the leader in the heavy truck industry; year after year its earnings were good, its dividends fat. But in 1949 the oldest truckmaker in the U.S. no longer seemed to be built like a Mack. Sales were well down from 1947's peacetime peak of \$124 million, and the peak profits of \$8.2 million had turned into a \$3.9 million deficit.

Mack's directors knew one way out: change the management. Out of the presidency went Charles T. Ruhf, a 40-year Mack employee and president since 1943. In as \$100,000-a-year president and chairman went Edwin Dagobert Bransome, 57, a Mack director and a rough & ready executive who had put one other wobbly company back on its feet. Last week President Bransome proved that the name Mack was again synonymous with strength. In 1950, he reported, Mack's sales jumped nearly 50% to \$123 million, its net to \$1.3 million.

Simple Formula. Bransome's formula was simple: "First find out what's wrong, then correct it." He found plenty to cor-



The Proof of the Pudding —is in the Placing!

Since the war, more than half-a-billion dollars has been invested in new plants served by the Baltimore & Ohio

→ This half-billion is a fact—a fact that proves as no amount of talking can that in B&O territory are vast resources and ideal conditions so vital to successful plant location.

Moreover, we can help you find your most advantageous place. Tell us your requirements, in confidence, and our Industrial Development staff will submit to you without cost or obligation a detailed study, tailor-made to your needs. Ask our man!

Industrial Development representatives are located at:
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Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Chicago 7, Ill.



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Nōkōrōde Muffles Noises



Protects Against Rust

Only Nokorode Contains
Silent-Tite*

*An ingredient that makes Nokorode more adhesive, more cohesive, more dense, and a better sound-insulator.

It's good-bye to annoying squeaks and rattles when Nokorode "blankets" the underbody of your car. And it's good-bye to rust and corrosion, too . . . because superior Nokorode gives the underbody an unbroken "coat" with no opening for rust and corrosion to get a start.

For a really quiet ride . . . for real protection that lasts the life of your car, insist on Lion Nokorode—the superior under-car sealer and silencer.

Nokorode is made from the finest selected asphalts by Lion Oil Company, one of the world's leading manufacturers of asphalts. Nokorode is naturally black—no useless coloring matter added. Made under the process of U. S. Patent No. 2,393,774. Ask your Dealer for . . .

Nōkōrōde

GUARANTEED by
LION OIL COMPANY
El Dorado, Arkansas



rect. Advertising was virtually nonexistent. The company's purchasing, run by four men, was spread all over the lot. So was its production: no less than 72 different models were coming off Mack's Allentown, Pa., assembly lines. There was little coordination between sales and production divisions, and no information on the day-to-day operations of the company. Said Bransome: "By the time sales figures got to me, they were months old."

Some of Mack's management were shuffled upstairs, and Bransome brought in three new top executives: H. William Dodge, ex-boss of sales for the Texas Co., as executive vice president; Sigmund S. Stewart, formerly purchaser for the Air Reduction Co., Inc., as purchasing head; and A. R. Kelso, president of Farmingdale Corp. (airplane parts), as production chief. To cut production costs, Bransome enlarged Mack's engine plant at Plainfield,



Edwin Bransome

"First find out what's wrong."

N.J., moved its transmission and gear production there from nearby New Brunswick.

He cut the number of truck models to 29 (ranging from a 17,000-lb. short-haul truck for \$3,000 to a 75,000-lb. off-highway goliath); he reduced the number of different parts by 25%. He centralized purchasing, doubled the advertising budget, jacked up the sales divisions.

No Supermen. Bransome, a graduate of Ursinus College (1912), got his start in business as a Philadelphia construction man, took on "any job that came along"—including repairing Delaware River bulkheads between tides. An early aviator (1912), he flew for the Navy in World War I. At 26 he joined General Motors' export division as a trainee, was made head of the division in a year. His reason: "The guys who were teaching me were even dumber than I was." He soon switched to a top post at Wilson Welder & Metals Co., Inc., where he pioneered in the infant electric welding system. In early New



**Reduces Operating Costs By 60%!
Grocery Owner Gives Credit To
Frigidaire Reach-In**

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE — "Because I found I was spending a good deal of my profits for inferior refrigeration, I decided to install a Frigidaire Reach-in Refrigerator," says Nicholas Kounelas, owner of Nick's Market, 48 Brown Ave. "This move cut my operating costs by 60%, brings me about 20% additional business and is saving me approximately \$40 a month on reduced spoilage."

Sundeine Air Conditioning & Refrigeration Co., Inc., Manchester, sold and installed the equipment.



Reach-In Refrigerator

FREE! See how you can cut your costs—increase your profits—by buying Frigidaire. Dealer today for a free Refrigeration Security Analysis of your refrigeration equipment. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE — America's No. 1 Line of Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Products

LONG-DISTANCE **MOVING**

GREYVAN LINES

CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

Affiliated with Greyhound Lines



NAUSEA due to travel motion,
RELIEVED with the aid of
the nervous system
MOthersill's SEASICK REMEDY
THE WORLD OVER

Dear days, Bransome headed the rubber division of NRA. Says he: "I worked under old 'Ironpants' Johnson. I didn't know one thing about rubber and told NRA that, but they said: 'Then you're just the man we want!'"

In 1935 he moved in as president of Vanadium Corp. of America, reorganized its mining operations, and helped supply the uranium ore for the first atom bomb experiments. In World War II, Bransome went back to Washington as an industry representative in labor troubles, before the War Labor Board was set up.

When asked how he put Mack Trucks back on its feet, Bransome calls in his five top men, points to them and says: "There's your answer." He adds: "We're not supermen doing a superman's job, you know. We just apply common sense."

SHIPBUILDING Faster Than Subs

The Maritime Administration last week ordered 25 freighters fast enough to outrun submerged submarines. The new "Mariners" will be bigger than World War II's Victory ships (560 ft., 12,500 tons, v. 455 ft. and 10,850 tons), faster (20 knots v. 15 knots), and will carry sub-spotters, helicopters. The freighters will be built by four companies,⁹ within two years. Total cost: \$200 million.

STEEL

How the Gamblers Got In

Cleveland's 67-year-old Cyrus S. Eaton is an indefatigable financier and promoter with a finger in many pies. His latest promotion is a \$100 million steel mill which, if the Government will provide \$90 million of the money, Eaton will build on a 1,000-acre site on the Detroit River at Gibraltar, Mich. To run the new company, Eaton has picked Max J. Zivian, president of Detroit Steel Corp., in which Eaton controls 24% of the stock.

Last week the Kefauver Senate Crime Investigating Committee came to Detroit to investigate some of Zivian's other stockholders. The committee was checking on how gangsters get into legitimate business. Through a series of mergers, including his recent \$13 million purchase of Eaton's Portsmouth Steel, Zivian has made his company one of the biggest U.S. producers of cold-rolled strip steel. But the merger the Kefauver Committee wanted to know more about was his 1944 deal with Cleveland's Reliance Steel Corp.

As Zivian explained the Reliance deal, he and his associates had put \$400,000 into escrow to buy out Reliance's owner, Sol Friedman. But Friedman insisted on \$580,000. Zivian had to raise the additional \$180,000 or lose the \$400,000. Zivian raised part of the balance from Moe Dalitz, a Cleveland gambler.

"I met Mr. Dalitz on the street outside

* Newport News (Va.) Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co.; Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp., Pascagoula, Miss.; Bethlehem Steel Corp.'s yards at Sparrows Point, Md., and Quincy, Mass.; and Sun Oil Co.'s Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., Chester, Pa.

124 STOCKS OF COMPANIES *that have never shown a loss*

OUT of all the stocks listed on major exchanges, UNITED Service, in a new Report, has selected 124 stocks of companies that have never shown a loss in 25 to 114 years of operation. Such a record reflects exceptional management and financial strength. This select group of BLUE RIBBON stocks range in price from \$10 up. All pay dividends. Five have paid without a break for 69 years. Stocks of special interest in this Report include:

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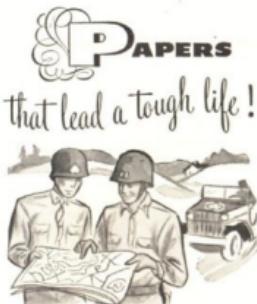


A. Overholt & Company, Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

this is no time to be without



• • • for TIME's special help in understanding the news as it happens all over the world, as it affects our homes, our cities, our economy, our government



A special Rhinelander paper called Map Overlay Tracing helps our armies learn battle strategy by fighting our actual combat problems. Details of a problem are printed on this transparent parchment. It is then laid over standard maps of terrain, thus enabling the troops to chart and follow the action.



Bottoms up, America, on your favorite drink —coffee. A little quick figuring indicates that enough coffee is currently protected by Rhinelander Glassine to make 1,104,000 cups per hour... day in—day out. Must be good coffee! Must be good paper!



Crackers served with your soup, or cookies with your sundae, are fresher and crispier—and you can bet more sanitary—when sealed in individual envelopes of Rhinelander Moisture-Proof Glassine. Restaurant waste is reduced, and diners like this thoughtful extra service.

Glassine and Greaseproof—the functional papers that do so many tough jobs well.



the Statler Hotel," said Zivian. "I told him we were short \$100,000, and he said: 'Let me arrange to get it.' A couple of hours later we went over to his lawyer's office."

Committee Counsel John L. Burling interrupted: "And Dalitz offered you \$100,000, like that, without even a look at the company's balance sheet?"

"Well," said Zivian, "he called his attorney."

In return for his \$100,000, Dalitz got 10,000 shares of Detroit Steel stock (now worth \$340,000), which he divided with ex-Convict Morris Kleinman, Sam Tucker and Lou Rothkopf, members of a Cleveland gambling syndicate, and Lawyer Samuel Haas.

The committee is still looking for Stockholder Dalitz, to question him.

CONTROLS

Noble Experiment

During World War II, most U.S. meat disappeared into black markets. It was spirited there by a horde of fly-by-night operators who popped up so fast that the number of licensed slaughterers mushroomed from 4,500 to 20,000. "This time," said Price Boss Mike DiSalle last week, "we're going to stop the black markets before they start."

To stop them, DiSalle issued an order limiting slaughterers to existing operators. He divided slaughterers into three classes: 1) the 450 major slaughterers who ship in interstate commerce and have federal licenses, 2) the 2,800 slaughterers and 12,000 butchers with state or local licenses, and 3) farm slaughterers.

DiSalle ordered everybody but farm slaughterers to register with OPS, get a number to stamp on all meat sold. Each operator will be held to a slaughtering "quota" based on his 1950 sales but open to periodic adjustments to allow for changes in the overall meat supply. Farm slaughterers will have to put a ticket with their name and address on all the meat they sell, cannot sell more than 6,000 lbs. a year apiece.

In Chicago, meat packers cried that there was no need for DiSalle's scheme because there was plenty of meat. The only real problem, they insisted, was to keep meat production on the rise. "All we can do," said Wilson & Co.'s Vice President James Cooney, "is hope to God the quota plan will work. But we know it won't."

But DiSalle had little choice, now that he had slapped on retail price ceilings while livestock prices were uncontrolled. Last week he hinted to farm-bloc Congressmen that when & if he freezes live-stock prices that are above parity, he will not roll back prices.

DiSalle, who predicted that all prices will rise an average of 6% by midsummer, knew that livestock prices will go higher. Consequently, retailers who try to observe ceilings will find their supplies vanishing. Most of all, DiSalle wanted to get his supply-control mechanism operating now in case he has to decree meat rationing this summer.

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CINEMA

New Millionaires at M-G-M

When M-G-M hired Dore Schary in July 1948 to run its production, Hollywood's biggest, richest studio was slumping badly. Almost anything he did would have been an improvement. Since then, while bucking a maze of intra-studio politics, he has done plenty.

By doubling production, he cut overhead costs per picture in half. He shortened shooting schedules, reduced the average number of writers per script from 7.5 to 1.2, rooted out dead wood, brought in fresh directing and producing talent.

Schary's personal productions (*Battle-ground*, *The Next Voice You Hear*) proved box-office hits, and the quality of M-G-M's whole output improved—though not enough to qualify Schary as "a new Irving Thalberg," as his admirers like to call him.

Last week Dore Schary could take satisfaction in an impressive vote of confidence from the board of Loew's Inc., which owns M-G-M. To give them "greater incentive" and assure their continued service, Schary and five other Loew's executives got options to buy 250,000 shares of company stock at a pegged price. Schary's option entitles him to 100,000 shares. In return, Production Boss Schary agreed to extend his contract (at \$3,846 a week) 2½ years to 1958.

Quickie King

A quickie is a movie financed on a shoestring and shot almost as fast as the cameras can turn. No one in Hollywood grinds out quickies at a greater pace or profit than 41-year-old Robert Lippert, who, in his 6 years as a producer, has made 60 pictures at a total cost of \$3,800,000. Gross: about \$10 million.

Last week speed-loving Producer Lippert surpassed himself. He wrapped up three complete features in a mere twelve days of shooting, and also worked a couple of new angles. The pictures take advantage of a cheap, plentiful source of story material: the radio serial. Stemming from *Johnny Madero*, a defunct network radio program about a private eye, each film uses a "bridge" to link the action of two complete half-hour shows. When TV begins snapping up Hollywood films in earnest, Lippert will simply burn his "bridges" and sell half-hour shorts. Meanwhile, his own distributing company will sell the movies to theaters—including 62 owned or operated by Lippert himself.

Arabs to Indians. Like the early Hollywood pioneers, the pencil-mustached producer entered moviemaking from theater operation. He says he owned his first theater at the age of 14, got the down payment (\$800) by starting a newspaper at Alameda (Calif.) High School and selling

* The others: Loew's Vice Presidents Benjamin Thau, Joseph Vogel, Louis K. Sidney, Charles Moskowitz, and Loew's International Corp. President Arthur M. Loew.

ads. During the war he turned garages and stores into movie houses to cash in on the heavy business around shipyards. His booming theaters began using up so many pictures that he went into distribution, then into production, to meet the demand.

Producer Lippert keeps his casts and crews hopping like ushers. Once he filmed six westerns simultaneously in 28 days, using the same cast and sets, photographing the same saloon from different angles for each picture, letting the same posse race through six different patches of country-side for the chase scenes. Early in his producing days, he told an interviewer: "I see about ten movies every weekend. Well, I see a movie I like, and we just change



Murray Garrett—Graphic House

PRODUCER LIPPERT
Casts and crews hop like ushers.

legionnaires to frontiersmen and the Arabs to Indians, and we start shooting."

On & Off Trends. Lippert boasts that his "very fluid operation" allows him to "let go of a trend" much quicker than his high-budgeted competitors. He can also latch on to a trend more quickly. In ten days and for \$91,000, he was fluid enough to put out a picture on space ships (*Rocketship X M*) in time to sop up the publicity being lavished on the then forthcoming *Destination Moon*. He beat every other studio to the Korean war with *The Steel Helmet* (now doing well enough to promise a \$2,000,000 gross). Lippert prefers not to say what *Helmet* cost, while he is still selling it to exhibitors who dislike paying big rentals for quickies.

The New Pictures

The Second Woman (Harry Popkin; United Artists) improves on the old Hollywood custom of modeling a movie after a hit. The picture apes not one model but at least three. Its title trades on *The Third Man*, while most of its twists come straight

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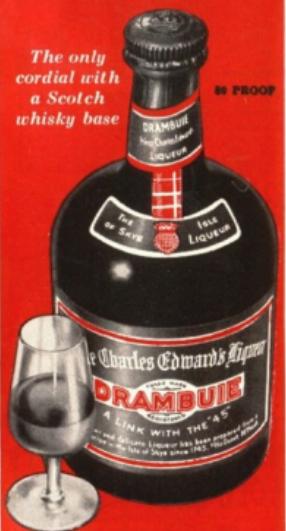
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SHELLEY WINTERS

Above the garter, a pistol.

out of Alfred Hitchcock's *Rebecca* and *Spellbound*.

Moody music and the creepy offscreen voice of Heroine Betsy Drake introduce shots of a house's charred ruins in a rugged setting on the California coast. Flashbacks tell the story of its brooding one-time occupant, Architect Robert Young, who has permitted no one inside since the accidental death of his wife (described by another woman as "the most beautiful girl I've ever seen").

Betsy falls in love with Young, but she is disturbed by reminders of his dead wife, and even more by the misfortunes that bound him: his horse is mysteriously crippled, his dog killed, his rosebush poisoned, his favorite painting bleached and, finally, his house burned to a crisp. A kindly doctor warns Betsy that Young is a dangerous paranoid with a yen for damaging his own property, and even Young urges her to stay away. But she sticks by him right to the psychiatric finish.

The movie has a well-groomed look and shows admirable taste in the melodramas it chooses to imitate, though it glutonously borrows more plot than it can digest.

The Company She Keeps (RKO Radio) tests Elizabeth Scott's capacity for self-sacrifice. She is a chic parole officer with full authority over the pretty parolee (Jane Greer) who is beating her time with Dennis O'Keefe. Elizabeth's determined nobility, especially when given a legitimate chance to send Jane back to prison, is something that neither the script nor Actress Scott can make believable. Moviegoers may take some comfort in Actress Greer's able performance as a bitter, man-hungry jailbird with a craving for re-spectability.

Way Out West

Hollywood grinds out more westerns than any other single kind of movie (last year's total: 101). When operating on a high budget, producers try to vary the

formula. Three such attempts turned up last week:

Vengeance Valley (M-G-M) tries, with some success, to picture the West as a real environment in which cowboys put in a solid day's work. Based on a *Savepost* serial by Luke Short, the picture looks more closely into human relationships than most westerns. Another point in its favor: perennially boyish Robert Walker appears for a change as the leading heavy.

The ne'er-do-well son of a cattleman, Walker cheats on his wife (Joanne Dru) and relies on his foster brother, Ranch Foreman Burt Lancaster, to rescue him from such scrapes as getting a neighboring girl into trouble. Thinking Lancaster the culprit, the girl's vengeful brothers go gunning for him. Walker helps them on the sly so he can eliminate Lancaster as an obstacle to his schemes for embezzling the old man's cattle.

The movie gives the customers plenty of violence; Hero Lancaster's brawls net him a badly mauled head, a knife gash in the side, a bullet in the arm. But much of the story is fitted neatly into a week-long cattle roundup over vast stretches of Technicolor country. In the spirit of 1948's excellent *Red River*, if not with the same scope and skill, *Vengeance Valley* works diligently to show what a big job a roundup is, and just how the cow-punchers go at it.

Frenchie (Universal-International) tries hard to spice up horse opera with sex appeal. Its wide open spaces consist mostly of the territory just north of Shelley Winters' neckline, and about the only rustling in the picture is the sound of hip-tossed taffeta.

Shelley plays Frenchie Fontaine, a New Orleans gambling queen who packs a dainty pistol just above the garter. She sets up shop in the frontier town of Bottleneck to track down the local varmints who killed her father. In the course of a plot with as many turns as her corset strings, Shelley has all the fun of acting like a

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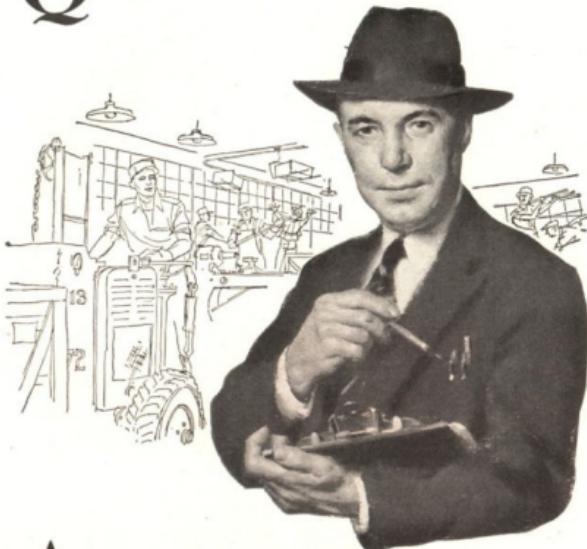
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trollop, then finally turns out to be a perfect lady, worthy of Sheriff Joel McCrea himself.

As treated in Marlene Dietrich's 1939 *Destry Rides Again* and Mae Westerns of the '30s, the come-hither approach proved a welcome change from they-went-thataway. *Frenchie* does not make the grade. The script's attempts to laugh at sex come down to smirks and leers, and Actress Winters plays a poor man's Mae West with little more authority than a schoolgirl flouncing through the attic in mother's old clothes.

The Great Missouri Raid (Paramount) is a pseudo-historical western that whitewashes the Jesse James gang in bright Technicolor. An earlier version of the desperado's career, 1939's moneymaking *Jesse James*, depicted the James boys as victims of a land-grabbing railroad which forced them into a life of crime. In the new vogue for brewing westerns out of the backwash of the Civil War, they become Southern martyrs hounded by a vindictive Yankee major.

About half the picture is devoted to needling its heroes into taking the law into their own hands. The movie keeps the action going at full tilt and draws on such acting talent as Macdonald Carey (Jesse), Wendell Corey (Frank James) and Ward Bond (the Yankee villain). Moviegoers who find glorified hoodlums hard to stomach, even at a safe historical distance, may suspect that Hollywood is almost ready for a film biography treating Al Capone—played, say, by Alan Ladd—as the innocent butt of a spiteful internal-revenue man.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Mudlark. Hollywood's tribute to a mourning Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne) is brightened by the cockney ragamuffin (Andrew Ray) who coaxes her back to her public duties (TIME, Jan. 1).

Seven Days to Noon. London, playing itself, gives an exciting performance as a city threatened by a man on the loose with an atomic bomb (TIME, Dec. 25).

Born Yesterday. As the dumb blonde who wakes up, Judy Holliday steals the movie version of Garson Kanin's Broadway hit comedy (TIME, Dec. 25).

Cyrano de Bergerac. Jose Ferrer's acting sparks a conscientious adaptation of the Rostand classic (TIME, Nov. 20).

Mad Wednesday. Harold Lloyd returns in a spotty but frequently riotous comedy written and directed by Preston Sturges (TIME, Nov. 20).

King Solomon's Mines. The plot (with Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger) is easy to see through, but the Technicolor shots of African animals and vistas are well worth looking at (TIME, Nov. 20).

Trio. Another trim package of Somerset Maugham short stories, fragile but handled with care by the British producers of *Quartet* (TIME, Oct. 30).

All About Eve. Scripter-Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz's tart treatise on how to win fame and lose friends on Broadway; with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders (TIME, Oct. 16).



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BOOKS

Travelers in High Asia

OUT OF THIS WORLD (320 pp.)—*Lowell Thomas Jr.*—*Greystone* (\$3.75).

THE LAND OF THE CAMEL (200 pp.)—*Schuyler Cammann*—*Ronald Press* (\$5).

By traveler tradition, any Westerner who pushes his way into the high hinterland of Asia is entitled to write a book about it, and generally does. Nowadays, such narratives have a special point: with the Communists slamming Asia shut, the latest traveler stories may be the last for a while.

Currently, readers have their choice of two. One is an exuberant feature story of the 1949 Tibetan holiday of Lowell Thomas and Lowell Jr.; the other is a sharp-eyed account of a junket through Inner

human self-seeking. The author plays some of his characters for discreet laughs—as when a high lama muses on the possible numbers of unrecognized reincarnations of the Buddha. “For instance,” he reminded his guests, “take your own President—undoubtedly he is a living Buddha.”

At the end, there is a graphic account of Newscaster Thomas’ leg-breaking fall from a horse, and of his litter-borne passage over the Hump to India.

A Real America? Schuyler Cammann travels in the tradition of the scholar-adventurer, and his book, *The Land of the Camel*, cleaves to the best in its tradition (truthfulness, a sense of moral involvement, good humor) while shunning the worst (bad writing, political or sectarian tirade, excessive footnotarianism).

Author Cammann was sent to a U.S.



THE THOMASES, WITH TIBETAN FRIENDS, IN LHASA
In Blair House, another living Buddha?

Mongolia, taken in 1945 by Orientalist Schuyler Cammann of the University of Pennsylvania.

Last Close-Ups? The Thomas epic, *Out of This World*, was written by 27-year-old Lowell Jr. in the man-on-a-magic-carpet tone his father favors. The tone still works; the book has already sold 100,000 copies and climbed high on the bestseller lists.

The Thomases had a fairly uneventful trip on their muleback way from India to Lhasa, but in Lhasa things got more exciting. They had the rare enough distinction of being presented to the Dalai Lama, and while the spiritual head of millions of Lamaistic Buddhists had very little to say, the travelers had a good chance to talk with some of his advisers.

Author Thomas gives concise, thoughtful sketches of half a dozen top Tibetan officials, the hard core of the hardest theocracy in the world. The sketches compose what may be one of the last close-ups of a strange ruling class, compound of enlightenment and cruelty, high spirituality and

meteorological outpost in Inner Mongolia toward the end of the war. During the weeks of his stay, he took short trips in all directions from his base near a town called Shampa to the tents and temples of the Mongols. Since he thinks they are a vanishing people, Cammann looks close.

He describes the interiors of Mongol yurts and lamaseries, observes with fascination the diversion of technical talents that once conquered Asia into the construction of more & more intricate prayer wheels. He describes without flurry Mongol butchering (directions: cut a hole in the animal’s side, pull out the heart, squeeze it until animal is dead), and admires the tricks which Mongol farmers play on their reluctant soil to make it yield. Yet in a land where there is barely enough to eat, an undernourished girl may have silver rings in her ears. Cammann condenses his impressions of Inner Mongolia into a phrase: “Wealth in squalor.”

Keen as he is, Scholar Cammann almost throws away one of the biggest facts in his book. He reveals, but only in passing, that

most of the Mongols he talked to had never heard of America. They were astonished when they were shown America on the map. They had taken for granted that all strangers of European stock come from “West Russia.”

Any Small Town

INTO THIN AIR (257 pp.)—*Warren Beck*—*Knopf* (\$3).

On a residential street in the Midwestern town of Cedarsville, workmen were razing the fine old Johnston residence. At an upper window of his own house next door, Ralph Kempner watched the daily progress of destruction from a wheelchair, and backtracked in memory over the 70-odd years of his life. Cedarsville folk naturally wondered what old Kempner was thinking about, because he had always been such a cold, silent fish.

His memories were no one else’s business, of course, but they would have made a field day for the gossips.

A Few Trips. *Into Thin Air* is a novel whose story might have come from any U.S. small town. Why did Kempner, a wealthy, attractive manufacturer, never marry? What about all those out-of-town trips he used to take, presumably on business? And what was he always jawing about with Mrs. Johnston, a woman old enough to be his mother? Working with such commonplace matters, and playing them for no more than they are worth, Warren Beck has written a minor novel with the grace and dignity appropriate to a major one. In its quiet way, it keeps claiming kinship to Willa Cather’s small classic, *A Lost Lady*.

What happened to Ralph Kempner was in no way unusual. His Cedarsville boyhood was innocent and irresponsible, marred by no greater sins than forbidden swimming and fishing. Growing up, he learned about sex from his mother’s young housemaid, and learned about the same time that his mother meant to run his life. Especially, she was determined to pick his wife, and after Yale and his father’s death, Ralph was the town’s prize catch. But he turned down the nice girl of his mother’s choice and became that much-whispered-about institution, the town bachelor.

A Few Checkers. The reason Ralph Kempner never married was quite simple. He fell in love with Mrs. Johnston’s daughter-in-law Elissa, whose husband was often out of town. Primarily, *Into Thin Air* is a story of adultery, handled with a delicacy and understanding that few U.S. writers bring to the subject. Author Beck manages with exquisite taste to give dignity and beauty to the love of Ralph and Elissa even as it swamps both of them in guilt. Neither has the strength to admit the guilt and ask Harold Johnston to agree to a divorce. When Johnston takes Elissa to live in California, Kempner settles down to live out a passive life checkered only by a few inconclusive out-of-town liaisons. Only old Mrs. Johnston ever knows his secret, and Author Beck scores a triumph in endow-



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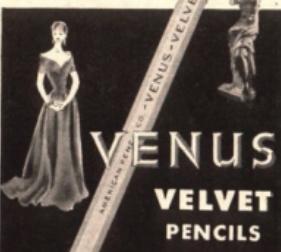


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Rella Moss

NOVELIST BECK
His hero was a silent fish.

ing her with understanding and intelligence at once Christian and credible.

Warren Beck is an English teacher at Lawrence College (Wis.). In *Into Thin Air* he never talks big and never tries for too much, but he shows writing craft good enough for a larger theme. When he finds it, the U.S. may have another novelist to cheer about.

What's It All About?

THE IMAGE OF A DRAWN SWORD (242 pp.)—Jocelyn Brooke—Knopf (\$2.75).

A doctor probably would have told Reynard Langrish that what he needed was a long vacation. Besides his chronic catarrh, he was having trouble with his hearing, and his sense of smell wasn't as sharp as it should be. Even cigarettes had begun to taste bad. What was worse, his home in the provincial English town where he lived with his deaf mother was getting on his nerves. After a day at his dull bank clerk's job, his restlessness would become intolerable, driving him out for long, aimless walks. On the rain-swept night that the strapping young stranger stopped to ask the way to a nearby town, Langrish felt as though a "seismic disturbance" were taking place in his brain.

What happens to Langrish after that, in *The Image of a Drawn Sword*, proves that British Novelist Jocelyn Brooke can create as violent fictional disturbances as anyone now writing in English. Compared to it, his first tense little gothic novel, *The Scapegoat* (Time, Jan. 9, 1950), was a mild emotional debauch.

The Truth Is . . . The stranger, a Captain Roy Archer, is attached to an infantry regiment stationed near by. From the first moment, Captain Archer fascinates and dominates Langrish, and when the captain invites him to drive into town to see a boxing match that night, Langrish happily accepts. Everything about Archer

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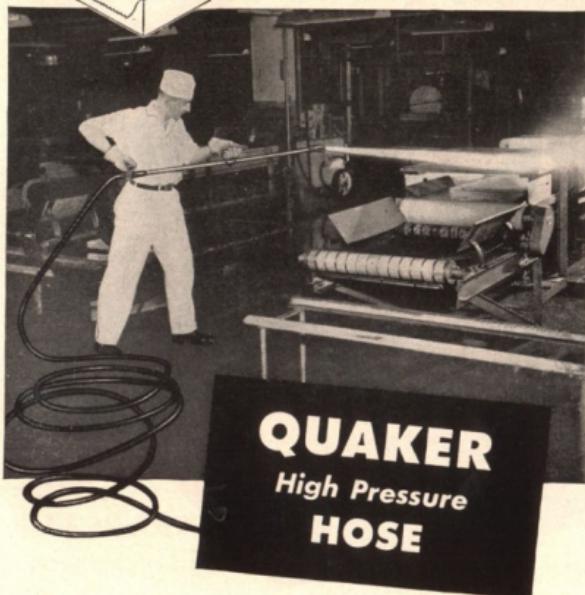
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does a "sweet job"
in candy plant



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High Pressure
HOSE

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is mysterious: his talk about an imminent "crisis" and the need for dedicated soldiers, his warning that the "other lot," the enemy, is getting ready to attack, the tattooed sword and snake on his arm.

Soon the captain has Langrish training with him secretly, at night, to toughen him, finally gets Langrish's promise to enlist in his battalion. But when Langrish, confused by all the mystery, desperately insists on knowing what it's all about, Archer replies: "All right, then—the truth is that nobody knows." The enemy? "I only wish I knew."

Despite Archer's puzzling mumbo jumbo, the idea of enlistment excites Langrish, begins to seem a wonderful means of escape from his dull life. He misses the enlistment date, but while taking a walk one day, stumbles on to the battalion camp and is forced into service against his will. His complaints are brushed off. He sees Archer from time to time, but the captain, now a major and soon a colonel, seems not to recognize him.

The Search Is . . . Still bewildered though he is, Langrish nevertheless feels a new sense of well-being in the battalion, and his World War II experience quickly wins him a promotion. His health returns; he can even enjoy cigarettes again. But when he tries to escape for a short visit to his mother, he is thrown into jail. Escaping again, he kills a military policeman, gets home to find his mother dead, the house a shambles. When Archer comes to get him, Langrish shoots him, but Archer forgives him, dies with Langrish's promise to "come through" because the enemy is on the march. Strangely happy, Langrish starts back for camp, "aware that past and future were fused at last in the living moment."

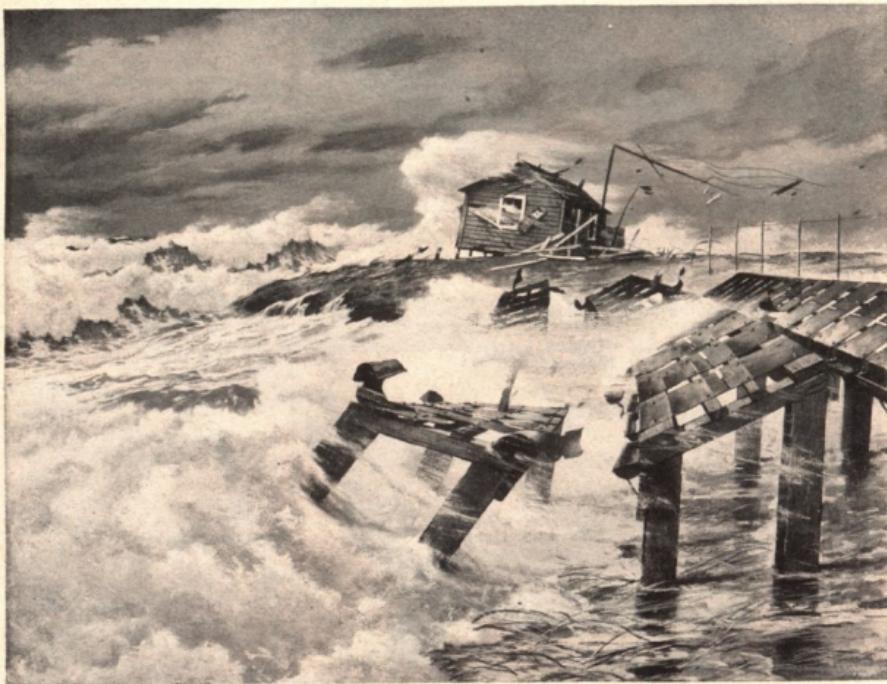
Despite its own mumbo jumbo and its deliberate lack of clarity, *The Image of a Drawn Sword* is a disturbing allegory: the desperate desire of Mr. Average for an existence in which love and comradeship replace tension and uncertainty. The book's elaborate use of symbolism, its bewildering time scheme in which past & present merge crazily, sharply recall the brooding of Novelist Franz Kafka. There is one important difference: Kafka's theme was man's search for God. Brooke's dazed hero would settle for something which he almost, but never quite, comes out and names: brotherhood on earth.

There I Go

STRAIT AND NARROW (384 pp.)—Geoffrey Cottrell—Lippincott (\$3.50).

Even in England, the enthusiasm for Jocelyn Brooke and his metaphysical puzzles (*see above*) is pretty much restricted to the critics and the advance guard. The ordinary armchair Englishman is far more likely to prefer Geoffrey Cottrell. There are no great puzzles in Cottrell. A 31-year-old middle-class Englishman, Cottrell writes about other middle-class Englishmen in a manner designed to let the whole breed murmur to themselves: There but for the grace of God go I.

Cottrell's fourth novel (and first to be



The whole island swept away

... yet they didn't give up the search!

The island was there all right . . . at dawn.

But by nightfall it was gone. Gone with the wind and the waves. Pounded to pieces, swept away by mountainous seas that trailed a howling, high-tailing Nor'easter down the coast.

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Having saved all records, Inco then built another test station where metals could be subjected to conditions as severe as any met in actual use . . . at Fire Island, N. Y. This, too, was destroyed . . . by the '38 hurricane. But again the records were saved.

And once again Inco took up its search for better metals . . . at Block Island, R. I., Kure Beach and Harbor Island, N. C. At

these three stations, Inco researchers are carrying on a program that has continued for more than 25 years. They are subjecting metals to everything from flying sand and salt spray to actual immersion in biting sea water. Studying their resistance to corrosion, erosion, and the damaging action of marine growth.

Out of years of continuous work . . . out of storms and dark waters . . . new facts about metals are being brought to light . . . facts which are helping many manufacturers make their products last longer and do more for you.

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Despite hurricane winds and raging seas, Inco's marine testing stations have continued their search for better metals for over a quarter of a century

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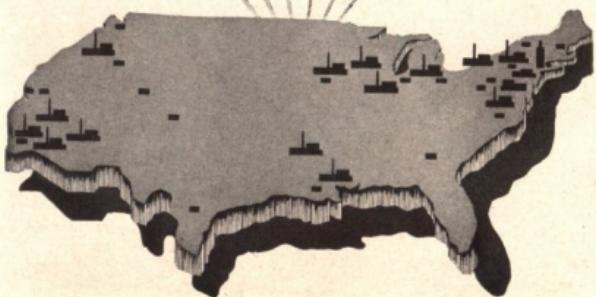


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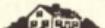
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published in the U.S.) is a British Book Society choice, has sold 40,000 copies since publication. *Strait and Narrow* is simply the story of a self-made man, Richard Tarrant, and what Tarrant learns about himself.

Tarrant is one of those men whose ambition jells before his character sets. Early in life he decides that middle-class gentility and slightly frayed cuffs are not enough for him. There is nothing melodramatic or Freudian about Tarrant vis-à-vis parents. His father is a good surveyor; his mother, an enlightened type, believes in not spanking children and in the BBC's Third Program. Tarrant vows that he would "rather starve than live as they had lived."

A second-rate public school focuses his aim; he picks the career of law because it is often so well paid. Social-climbing nimbly, he marries money, does a stint



NOVELIST COTTERELL
His hero ran to purgatory.

with the R.A.F. largely because some day "it might be very useful" to have a war record. After the war he is ready for his next big push: a seat in Parliament. Just shy of his goal, his wife discovers him renewing a wartime love affair. Hopelessly attached to her husband, Nancy Tarrant commits suicide.

Her death brings him to a stop. Not much of a philosopher, he winds up with a set of reflections that are at least his own: "Everyone came lonely into the world and went lonely out of it, but he was to be lonely in between. Well, it was his own fault." He had run with his eyes shut to a self-made purgatory.

Intended, in part, as a parable on the vanity of human wishes, Cottrell's anatomy of melancholy goes only onion-skin-deep. His American publishers hail him as the British John P. Marquand. It's too early for that comparison, but Cottrell is working the same kind of street and keeping a lot of Englishmen reading.

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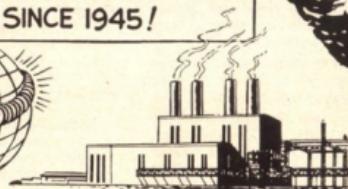
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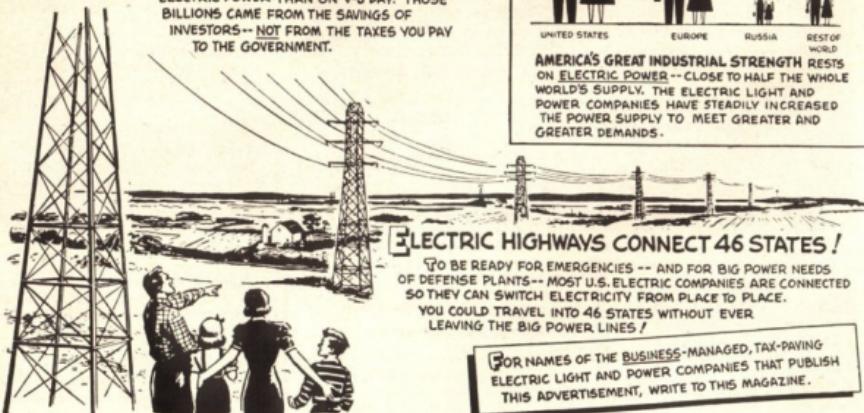
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MISCELLANY

Bull's-Eye. In Birmingham, Ala., Mrs. Louise Bishop was fined \$25 for tacking a picture of her husband to the wall, firing some 70 times at it with a .22 rifle.

Advertising Results. In Louisville, Robert Perry asked \$1,525 damages from the Moskins Credit Clothing store; \$25 for meals eaten out, plus \$1,500 for temporary loss of his wife, who left him after misinterpreting a postcard sales-stunt which read, "Please call WA 1492 and ask for Carolyn."

Deadline. In Gainesville, Fla., Journalism Student Lee Weissenborn visited the local draft board to pick up some information for a story, was handed an induction notice.

Stimulus. In Cranston, R.I., Daniel Cristofaro, 28, thanked the judge who fined him \$100 for bookmaking: "I'm glad it happened. I've wanted to stop for a long time."

Civilized Customs. In the Transkei area, South Africa, school officials received examination applications from students named Dinah Beauty, Te Deum, Sweetness, Alelectrica, Hygenia, Governor General.

New Model. In Montgomery, Ala., a used-car dealer allowed Farmer Willie G. Morris \$38 trade-in value on a two-year-old donkey.

Specialist. In Cleveland, on the day he was to receive an award for 20 years of driving without a traffic violation, Cab Driver Clarence Vogel got a ticket for jaywalking.

Outpointed. In Houston, after a domestic brawl, Mrs. John Womack nursed a hurt finger, husband John a broken 1) nose, 2) bone in his right foot, 3) rib, 4) pair of spectacles.

Protective Custody. In San Diego, Alphonso Lagos, arrested for public drunkenness, breathlessly told the cops: "Here comes my wife—let's get to that jail quick."

Family Reunion. In Martinsville, Va., while looking for the family he had deserted 23 years ago, 72-year-old George Potter got drunk, ended up at the local prison farm, there happened upon his son, who was rounding out a year's sentence for grand larceny.

Melting Pot. In West Palm Beach, Fla., Jack Jackson asked the court's permission to change his name back to Narciso Saccoman.

False Front. In Lexington, Ky., nine customers were hauled off to jail, a tenth to the hospital, after a free-for-all in the Friendly Inn.



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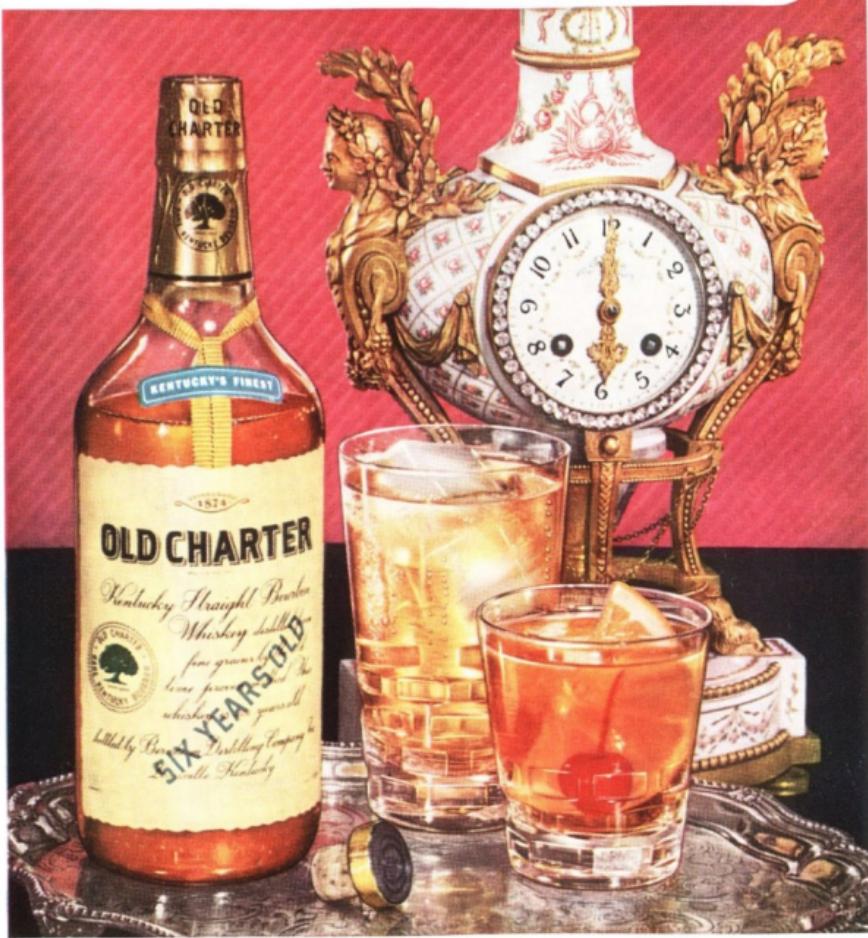
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